The Nation.

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The Week.

The deeper the probe of the Interstate Commerce Commission strikes into the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the more shocking the revelations. William A. Patton, assistant to President Cassatt, has admitted that he acquired $307,000 of coal-company securities without paying a penny. J. N. Purviance, Mr. Patton's chief clerk, had become richer by $38,500 on the same easy terms. Mr. Patton said that two former presidents of the Pennsylvania knew that he had accepted stock as a gift, and he supposed President Cassatt was equally well informed about a transaction which was "generally known." In fine, it was "generally known" that President Cassatt's assistant was—to employ the language of cheap and illiterate thieves and blackmailers—"out for the stuff." Shippers who wished to get along comfortably with the ruling powers of the Pennsylvania gave Mr. Patton or his clerk nearly $350,000. Hard-headed business men do not fling away hundreds of thousands of dollars for nothing. Mr. Patton and his clerk, we may be sure, made an adequate return. The scheme, indeed, is so simple that a child can understand it. C. A. Buch, general manager of the Columbia Coal Company, gave a detailed explanation of the process. His company was forced to purchase private cars because it could get no cars from the railway. And yet the Keystone Coal Company and the Berwind-White Company—often spoken of as "Cassatt companies"—were relatively well supplied. Five hundred cars a day were arbitrarily set aside for the Berwind-White Company; and, to avoid the possibility of shortage, two hundred cars were kept in reserve nearly every night—and this when all coal operators were begging for cars. In the light of these facts, Samuel Rea, the third vice-president, was willing to concede that men who control the distribution of cars and the purchase of fuel for the railway should not be interested in coal properties. He himself had invested largely in coal stocks, apparently on the theory that the men who control the men who control distribution and purchase are above temptation.

With a fine mixture of greed and timidity, the Senate Committee on Finance has reported a resolution directing the purchase of all Panama Canal supplies in this country, "unless the President shall in any case deem the bids or tenders therefor to be extortionate or unreasonable." This letting I dare not wait upon I would gives the whole case away. It is a plaintive appeal to American protected interests not to be too rapacious, lest foreign competition be admitted. But that is to accord to a rich government a resource against exaction which is denied to the poor consumer. The latter has no remedy if extortionate and unreasonable prices are demanded of him for the necessaries of life. He has no option but to submit to injustice. No purchases abroad for him, to prevent domestic robbers from taking his last cent. Yet that just relief is exactly what tariff revision would give to American citizens. They would never think of buying from foreigners, in preference to natives, except when natives were trying to gouge them. To this the President need not knuckle down, says the Senate committee, but the average American is to be allowed no remedy. The impertinent lugging in of the President in lieu of establishing a just principle is characteristic of the tortuous methods of the stand-patter.

There is much discussion of the relative claims of a sea-level and lock canal on the Isthmus. Meanwhile, waiting for a plan to be formed is in all conscience sufficiently expensive. Chief Engineer Stevens, for example, is prepared to spend $26,000,000 next year, come high come low. It is true that the uncertainty about the plan has been "something of a handicap," but if he is required he will maintain a furious and non-committal activity pending intelligible directions for the work. We have no desire to plead for haste. In an engineering problem of unprecedented difficulty, upon which the best scientific opinion is very evenly divided, it is emphatically the part of wisdom to take all the time necessary to arrive at a safe and intelligent decision. Evidently, only a minimum of work should be done until the plan is settled upon, and only such work as will fit into any scheme likely to be adopted. But to work around the edges of a ditch still untraced even in the mind's eye is the ungrateful task of Chairman Shonts's staff. This embarrassment is not a reason for haste at the present moment, but an intelligent prevision of the case might well have been a reason for less haste three years ago.

In the intervals of undermining the foundations of our Government, the Senate is having a good deal of fun this year passing bills that nobody expected it to pass. The pure food bill was the first; the free alcohol bill is the latest. It has postponed till January 1, 1907, however, the date when this measure shall take effect. This will give the wood-alcohol interests time to adjust themselves to the change. The spokesmen for the wood-alcohol manufacturers have asserted that, without the profits from this by-product, the charcoal and acetate of lime industries cannot be carried on. Time will show the truth of this assertion, but, as Senator McCumber truly said, the interests of consumers are in any event a hundred times greater than those of manufacturers. Even if free alcohol does not seriously damage the Standard Oil Company, as some of its more ardent advocates maintained, it will certainly bring a train of benefits, small in themselves, but very important in the aggregate. A cheap and convenient fuel for power, an excellent illuminant, and an ingredient in a thousand manufactured products from photographic films to scented soap, the tax on alcohol has been a burden distributed very widely, and its removal will be a boon.

The scheme of Philippine currency which Congress adopted two years and a half ago has reached an ignominious pass, and its authors are now demanding a change. Instead of extending the American monetary system to the islands (as it was rapidly extending itself at that time), they adopted a new silver coin about the size of the Mexican dollar, made it full legal tender and redeemable at the Philippine treasury in bills of exchange on New York, bought a large amount of silver bullion (for which bonds were issued), coined it in the mints of the United States, sent it to Manila, and put it in circulation. These new pesos, commonly called "conants," were to pass as the equivalent of fifty cents of American money, and were redeemable at that rate, but their metallic content was then somewhat less, say, forty-three cents. The men who concocted this roundabout scheme were warned that if silver bullion should rise in the market so that the metallic value of the peso would be more than fifty cents each, the "conants" would disappear from circulation. They would go into the melting-pot, or be exported, as our silver coins disappeared before 1853.

The warning was not heeded; but now that very thing has happened. Silver has risen in price so that the Mexican dollar is quoted in the market at 52 to 54 cents, and Senator Lodge reported a bill to reduce the weight and fineness of the Philippine peso, so as to bring its melting-pot value below fifty cents. The dispatches say that the bill was prepared at the War Department. Very likely! No such measure could have received

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the sanction of the Director of the Mint, or of any responsible Treasury official familiar with the history of bimetallism. There is no reason to assume that the new ratio chosen will remain satisfactory. Nobody can guarantee that silver will not rise to any assignable figure, and even necessitate another recoinage before the one now proposed is finished. A new coinage is an expensive operation, requiring time and involving loss and confusion to the people affected by it. No such operation should be begun at the mere instance of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, or under the direction of the men who have botched their job in the ridiculous manner that Lodge and his advisers did theirs less than three years ago. The whole question should be examined carefully, and the decision reached only after full discussion by economists and financiers, as well as by Congress and the press.

Chasing the devil round a stump is profitable exercise compared with running down a stand-patter. When the Republican tariff revisionists of Massachusetts uttered the complaint that without free hides and other free raw material they could make no headway in the foreign markets, Sereno E. Payne, John Dalzell, and their kind had the answer ready: "The manufacturers of New England do not need a foreign market; the home market, a magnificent domain extending across the whole continent, is large enough." Then the Democrats in Congress showed that some of the most highly protected industries, for example the Watch Trust and the Steel Trust, were so eager for a foreign market as to sell goods there below the price to the home consumer. Thereupon Representative William P. Hepburn of Iowa kindly explained that the charge that our protected monopolies were cutting prices for the foreigner was a campaign roorback. The next movement in pursuit of the stand-patters was made by John Sharp Williams, who spent the better part of two days in piling up evidence as to low prices on goods for export. And now Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania comes forward with a frank admission that, of course, the protected interest sells more cheaply in the foreign market, for the excellent reason that there is no other way to secure the business. The practice, said Mr. Dalzell, stoutly, benefits the country by keeping mills going, saving the laborer from idleness, maintaining American wages, and giving this country a foothold in foreign markets, and—to a certain extent—command of them. Having now completed the circuit, Messrs. Hepburn, Payne, Dalzell, and Williams are preparing to start on a new lap.

Representative Landis, who made the stand-pat speech in the House on May 25, is described as "silver-haired." He should be, as his argument was hoary-headed. All that he had to urge against the policy of righting the tariff wrongs of to-day was a pained recollection of the hard times of 1893. "Ah, my rash young friends, listen to me as I tell you of the horrors which followed in my own younger days an attempt to revise the tariff"—horrors that, to be sure, came a year before the tariff was revised. But this mumbling about the evils of a former day will be the stock argument of the stand-patters to the end of time. One can imagine President Roosevelt, become Senator Roosevelt, rising in his place in 1930, with bent form and trembling voice to say, "Yes, Senators, it is true that the Dingley tariff has outrageous features. I felt them myself so strongly in 1904 that I prepared a message to Congress on the subject. But I suppressed it then, and I would not renew it now. No one who remembers the terrible depression of 1893 as vividly as I do will ever consent to touch that tariff which alone saves this great nation, unrivalled in natural resources, preëminent in manufactures, able to give the whole world thirty-love and beat it, from going to the poor-house."

Definite announcement is made by the president of the Equitable Life, and by the voting trustees appointed by Thomas F. Ryan, owner of a majority of Equitable stock, that the right to elect a majority of the directors will be conferred on holders of Equitable policies. The plan, which contemplates a vote of policyholders for twenty-eight out of fifty-two directors, was adopted by the Equitable directors a year ago and accepted by James H. Hyde, who then held the majority stock now owned by Mr. Ryan. The purpose was to amend the company's charter by vote of the directors, so as to authorize in perpetuity this controlling voice by policyholders in elections. Before the experiment could be tried, Franklin B. Lord, a minority holder of Equitable stock, applied to the courts for an injunction against the plan. On May 26 last year, Judge Maddox granted the injunction, on the grounds that no such action was permitted to the directors under the law, and, further, that to deprive a minority shareholder of the right to vote for twenty-eight out of the fifty-two directors would prevent him from exercising one of the essential rights of ownership, and was thus confiscatory and illegal. Part of Judge Maddox's argument has now been met by the new insurance law, which adds to the much-discussed "Section 52" the following proviso regarding the power of an insurance company, having capital stock, to amend its charter:

"It may, by a vote of a majority of its directors, confer upon its policyholders, or upon such policyholders as may have a prescribed amount of insurance upon their lives, the right to vote for all or any less number of the directors in such manner, not inconsistent with any provision of this chapter, as may be authorized by a vote of the stockholders representing at least a majority of the capital stock, at a meeting of stockholders called for the purpose."

Having in view this new proviso, Mr. Cleveland suggests, and Mr. Morton and Mr. Ryan agree, that request be made to the court to vacate the injunction, and that directors and shareholders in the Equitable at once proceed to put the new plan into force.

That this step should have been agreed to is gratifying, though, so far as Mr. Ryan is concerned, it merely fulfils an explicit promise, made in writing last June, in his formal published agreement with the voting trustees. It seems to be assumed that Judge Maddox will withdraw his injunction, though the court's theory of confiscation went deeper than any question of amended statutes. Not much notice seems to have been taken of another amendment to the insurance law, clearly adopted with a view to the Equitable's case. Under the old law, it was generally agreed that purchase of its own stock by the Equitable would be impracticable. But the new "Section 95" provides that any domestic stock life-insurance company may be converted into mutual on condition that an amendment to the charter, providing for retirement of the stock "by the payment of an amount fairly determined to be the present value thereof with reference to its par value," shall have been approved by majority vote of stockholders, by the insurance superintendent, and by majority vote of policyholders, taken by proxy or by mail. Although no pledge to such effect appears in the agreement with the voting trustees, Mr. Ryan, in his letter of June 26, to Mr. Morton, professed his willingness to sell his Equitable stock to the company, if such action were desired by its officers. His price, as then stated, was the figure paid by him, or $2,500,000, with interest at 4 per cent. from last June, less dividends received in the interim.

Having to take our law from judges, we are bound to state that, as the case stands, George W. Perkins was not guilty of larceny. Two judges had held that he was, or, at least, that a jury might have found him to be; but now five judges decide that, "on the depositions before the magistrate," there is no "proof" of criminal intent. The decision is obviously made on narrow grounds, as is quite proper, and does not say what the Appellate Division might have held had the Grand Jury indicted Perkins, and had a petit jury satisfied itself that there was evidence of criminal intent. But there is no use in going

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into that. Up to date, the weight of judicial opinion is decidedly confirmatory of Mr. Jerome's brief, contending that Perkins could not be convicted of larceny. The Court of Appeals may come to a different conclusion, though that appears improbable as the case is presented, but for the moment we must recognize that the Penal Code, as judicially interpreted, did not make of Perkins's offence a crime. Its moral and political turpitude, however, is not in the least relieved by the court's decision. Perkins slyly took money belonging to widows and orphans, and applied it to a purpose which he had no reason to suppose they would approve, though he well knew that, if the gift of insurance money to the Republican campaign fund were made public, it would cause a scandal of the first magnitude and defeat its own end. Hence the secrecy observed, the roundabout method of giving the money, and the arrangement to keep the sum off the accounts till after the election. This, the court now says, was not the act of a criminal. It was, at any rate, the act of a trickster. For all this campaign money, the judges plainly intimate, those who diverted it are civilly liable.

The committee of the New Jersey Senate appointed to investigate insurance affairs in that State has decided that its work shall be thorough. Any other course would be politically suicidal. The New York legislative committee gave but little time to the New Jersey companies and did hardly more than scratch the surface. Everybody knows that the Prudential Insurance Company and its ally, the Public Service Corporation, have been deep in the politics of the State. The election of President John F. Dryden of the Prudential to the United States Senate was not a mere coincidence; and his candidacy for reëlection is not an accident. The long and profitable connection between the Republican machine and the large corporations has profoundly stirred the people of New Jersey—as is evident from the rapid spread of the Colby movement for reform. The uprising against the old leaders is nothing but a revolt against grossly commercialized politics.

Sir Andrew MacDonald, a former Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and now a member of the City Council, who is visiting Western cities, has indicated what he believes to be the essential weakness of city government in the United States. Chicago's slovenliness had shocked Sir Andrew, and puzzled him, too. "You Americans," he said, "are the keenest and most capable business men in the world. You have reduced commerce from adventurous enterprise to a science. Yet you seem helpless when it comes to managing a city." Later he spoke of the complete separation of national and municipal politics in Edinburgh. He instanced his own case: "In Scotland I am a Liberal Unionist, but I work side by side with Conservatives and Socialists in civic matters." It is an old truth that the Scotch visitor has observed. When business men are content to turn over a city's government to politicians, they resign themselves to bad conditions; when they take the matter in hand, as was done after the disaster at Galveston, as is being done in Baltimore, and as is likely to be done now in San Francisco, they get a clean, well-conducted city. Municipal ownership is an unimportant detail in comparison with the broader question of bringing the citizen to realize that clean streets do not depend upon the political allegiance of the Governor or the success of high tariff at the Congressional elections.

M. Jaurès, who did more than any other leader to create the Radical-Socialist *bloc*, is the first to rejoice at its dissolution. The election returns, which are now subject only to insignificant changes, show 246 Ministerial Radicals and 77 Republicans of the Left—in all, a Government strength of 323 in a Chamber of 584. In other words, M. Sarrien, barring unforeseen accidents, need not depend in any degree upon the ultra-Socialist factions. The *bloc*, having become superfluous, will presumably disappear. M. Jaurès acquiesces in the fact for the sake of Socialism, to which he believes the coalition was always a dead weight. He will be glad to see the Socialists return to their normal work of opposition. Naturally, the Radical Ministry has no regrets in attaining an independent position. From Waldeck-Rousseau's time till the present the Socialist alliance has been an embarrassment for every French Ministry, the price of support being invariably paternalistic laws of doubtful efficacy but of certain costliness. Indeed, but for such an all-engrossing topic as separation of Church and State, the Radical-Socialist ccalition must long ago have broken down. It has served its turn, if merely by strengthening the old party of Republican Defence. It was also something of a merit to demonstrate that political Socialism is by no means the monster of hideous mien it is sometimes represented to be. The recent elections have to all intents and purposes restored the era of Moderate Republicanism.

In censuring the Ministry, as it did on Saturday, and calling for its resignation, the Duma virtually demands a responsible Government. Should the Czar retire Premier Goremykin, a precedent would be established, and a long step taken towards establishing the principle of Ministerial responsibility. It is an awkward pass for the Czar and his advisers. If his hand can be forced on a matter of capital importance like this, it would be rash to imagine any limit to concessions. Apparently, three courses are under consideration: to grant the demands, to disregard them, or to dissolve the Duma. The last choice is so hazardous that it will hardly be considered. The policies of acquiescence or drift imply a gradual dissipation of Imperial prerogative. What might save the day—constructive, liberal proposals from the Czar in consultation with the leaders of the Constitutional Democrats—seems a vain hope. Seemingly, nobody with an imaginative grasp of the situation is influential at court. The desires of the Duma are vague and increasing. Already there are indications that the moderate leaders may lose control. The one thing that might unify the clamoring factions—a liberal Imperial policy—is wofully lacking.

In the pause of the argument between the Duma and the Czar, Professor Miliukoff recurs in a despondent article to the everlasting precedent of the French Revolution. Nicholas, he fears, is about to throw away his opportunity as fatuously as did Louis XVI. This is a striking confirmation of a recent remark of that competent student of Russian affairs, M. de Vogüé. He spoke in the *Figaro* of the "obsession of the classic model" which weighs upon all the Russian reformers. They all betray, said this Frenchman, the fact that they keep constantly before their eyes "that terrible model which we gave to all peoples in the throes of revolution." This can be only a disturbing influence, thinks M. de Vogüé. Russians should set their minds intently upon their own problem, with all its distinctive features, and not let their thoughts wander all the time to the *ancien régime* in France and Louis and Mirabeau and Robespierre—not to mention Napoleon. There is, of course, a fallacy in the solemn dictum that history repeats itself; yet there is also a truth in it, and it is probably vain to expect Russians to avoid wholly the fallacy while acting upon the truth. Meanwhile, the reply of the Czar to the demand for general amnesty rests upon the need of preserving order and punishing assassination with a stern hand. So long as crimes of violence, with a political motive, are reported from so many parts of the Empire, the Czar asserts that it is impossible to proclaim full amnesty. His words should remind the Duma how indissolubly reform is now bound up with inviolate peace, as the agrarian relief measure he proposes in the distribution of crown lands should remind them of his genuine desire for the betterment of his people.

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GRAFT IN BUSINESS.

Why is everybody so dejected and disgusted at the corruption uncovered in the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad? The reason is not, we think, merely because the repute of a great corporation in which we have all taken pride has now been sadly dimmed. The general uneasiness goes deeper than that. Every man asks his neighbor, Where is this to stop? What business is safe? We have seen the greatest names and the most boastful companies in the insurance world smirched; as if that were not enough, we now behold high officials of what has often been called the model railway of America holding out itching palms, like so many blackmailing policemen; and what branch of private affairs can we believe immune?

This is the ugly thing. The disease which we have complacently assumed to be confined to politicians, we now see infecting business men. When it has been said of a man, "Oh, he is nothing but a grafter!" the implication has been that he is in some public office of trust which he prostitutes for private gain. But that inference is no longer sure. The grafters in business begin to rival the grafters in politics, not only in numbers, but in turpitude. It is an alarming figure, this new apparition in our business life, shamelessly admitting, as Frederick Vroman, Assistant Trainmaster of the Pennsylvania Road, did at Philadelphia last week: "If there was money to be given out, I was there to take it." Add to this the testimony at Kansas City the same day, showing how reputable merchants made large secret payments to railroad officials for secret favors, and it almost looks as if the makers of office signs would find it to their advantage to introduce one, reading, "No Orders Attended to unless Accompanied by the Corresponding Bribe."

It must be frankly admitted that all these disclosures put a new aspect upon the work of grappling with corruption in public life. We have too easily concluded that graft and favoritism and methods that would not bear the light are the vices of politicians. But the evil is shown to be rooted in human nature itself. The corrupt public man is more conspicuous; his exposure causes the greater sensation and his fall the louder echo; but the unobtrusive man in bank or insurance company or railroad or dry-goods house who levies his blackmail, or takes his bribes, is his true brother. The one betrays his constituents, the other only his stockholders; but both are alike in being lost to decency. Of the two, we confess we think the respectable private grafter the more detestable. He not only does what he can to destroy confidence in private virtue, but really fosters public corruption. With his example before them, cynical politicians can sneer at all talk of reform and say: "They all do it. We are as honest as your merchants and railroad men." And the argument of the political reformer is certainly cut into very deeply by the revelations of graft in private business. One of the appeals has been, "Let us apply business methods to politics." But the taunt will now come, "What business methods? Those of the Equitable? Those of the Pennsylvania?"

In part, no doubt, the existence of so much peculation in private business is the seamy side of our prosperity. There would not be so much stolen if there were not so much to steal. The thing might be brazenly fronted out after the manner of Macaulay's dictum that "the quantity of theft is, to a certain extent, an index to the quantity of useful industry and judicious speculation." With that writer we can imagine a boaster about our wonderful prosperity further contending: "That there are ten thousand thieves in London is a very melancholy fact. But, looked at in one point of view, it is a reason for exultation. For what other city could maintain ten thousand thieves? St. Kilda would not support a single pickpocket." But such bravado we shall scarcely see employed. We may be smitten with corruption, but we have at least enough dregs of conscience left not to attempt to defend or palliate corruption. That there remains a strong and even heightened sentiment against dishonesty, whether in public or private life, was testified to by one of the Pennsylvania officials: "These things were not once thought improper. It seems that they are now." What he meant was, we presume, that railroad officials were once expected, if not encouraged, to go into enterprises along their lines which would be of a sort to develop traffic and so swell the company's income. But what may have been comparatively innocent in origin, has plainly become corrupt and oppressive in development. For the taking of such thinly veiled bribes as so many Pennsylvania officials have been shown to have received, for such purchased discrimination, such scheming against rival concerns, such wicked use of a common carrier to ruin one man and enrich another, there is no possible excuse. The guilty men are branded indelibly with dishonor.

Yet they fell before what we must admit is but a besetting sin of the day. If the evil is shown to be more general than any of us thought, the remedy must be equally general. It will never do to stop with laws directed at public officers who accept bribes or claim their rake-offs; the statute against giving "commissions" to cooks and coachmen on their monthly purchases looks almost ridiculous in presence of the revelations affecting their employers which we are getting. Our only hope is in a quickened conscience and a moral toning-up all round. Business men are rapidly putting it out of their power to cast a stone at politicians. It is better to admit that we are all in the same boat. It is evident that the poison has spread through the community up and down; that the politician who discovers that public office "serves well the purposes of private fraud" is only acting on the same principle, or lack of principle, that impels men in private walks to the shameless deeds which now stand confessed. To denounce and withstand and expel this widespread spirit of graft should be the daily business of all who would not see our society and our government fall into the pit.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce has reported the Employers' Liability bill, passed by the House. Partly, no doubt, in the hope that it might become law, several proposals to amend the Rate bill with provisions modifying the common-law rule as to fellow-servants and contributory negligence were rejected. This was proper enough. The Rate bill was sufficiently weighted, and the measure to fix the liability of employers for personal injuries to their employees is so complicated as to deserve and even require separate treatment.

At common law, an employer could not be held liable for personal injuries to an employee resulting from the fault or negligence of a fellow-servant, or in cases where the employee could be charged with contributory negligence. The disposition of legislatures to protect certain classes of employees from the rigors of this rule became apparent very early. Thus, Georgia in 1856, and Iowa in 1862, by statute entirely abolished the fellow-servant doctrine as applied to railway employees. Wisconsin adopted a similar course in 1875, and, although the law of that year was repealed in 1880, recent enactments have again done away with the fellow-servant doctrine as a defence where the injured employee was actually engaged in the switching or running of trains. Ohio, in 1890, so limited the scope of the term "fellow-servant" that a defence based upon the common-law doctrine became practically impossible. The Virginia Constitution of 1902 abolished the doctrine with reference to a large class of railway employees, and empowered the General Assembly to enlarge the class and extend the rights conferred to employees of any corporation. Maryland, in 1902, by statute fixed liability upon railways and many other employers, notwithstanding the negligence of fellow-servants, unless a certain plan of insurance, outlined in the statute, had been adopted prior to the accident causing the injuries. In our own State, the liability

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of all classes of employers was greatly extended by the statute of 1902, which has recently been upheld by the Court of Appeals.

In view of the diligence of State legislatures, it might appear that this is a subject concerning which the Federal lawmakers need not trouble themselves. This would, perhaps, be true if the Federal courts had adhered to their own early rule, which bound them to administer the law of negligence as it existed in the State where the injuries were sustained. But for a decade the Federal courts have held that there is a general law of fellow-servants obtaining throughout the United States, namely, the common law. Thus we have the anomaly of a plaintiff fully entitled to recover in a State court, divested of his rights if the circumstances are such that he must institute his proceedings under a Federal jurisdiction.

The House bill is extremely broad, going a considerable distance beyond the majority of the State enactments. It is limited in its effect to injuries sustained by employees of railways engaged in interstate commerce, and establishes liability of the owners or operators for all damages which result from the mismanagement or negligence of any of the officers, agents, or employees of such railways. It also provides that contributory negligence shall not constitute a defence, where it is slight in comparison with the negligence charged against the employer. It permits the employer to set up against the damages sustained whatever part he has paid over toward any insurance, relief benefit, or indemnity due to the injured person or his representatives. Another proposition which has been submitted to the Senate in connection with this proposed legislation is contained in an amendment to the Rate bill offered by Senator McLaurin, as follows: "In the trial of any case in a court of the United States to recover damages for personal injuries, the court shall be governed, in determining liability or non-liability, by the laws of the State where such injuries were received." This would, of course, merely restore the old rule.

Without discussing the precise form in which action should be taken, a good case is undoubtedly made out for relieving the employees of railroads, and perhaps of all common carriers, from a strict interpretation of the common-law doctrine of fellow-servants. The public requires that trains shall run at high rates of speed, at all hours of the day and night, and the physical and mental strain imposed on railway employees is most severe. In so far as railway corporations have endeavored to meet the situation by contributions to insurance funds and benefit organizations among their employees, they are to be commended, and should be permitted to set off such sums against their liability. But the law-making bodies of the various States have not considered this form of protection sufficient. It certainly is not wise policy to exclude from additional relief, almost universally regarded as necessary, the comparatively limited class of plaintiffs compelled to apply to the Federal courts for their lawful remedy.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP INVESTIGATORS.

English municipal ownership will soon be the most thoroughly investigated thing alive. Band after band of American Jasons are setting out after that golden fleece; and we can but hope that too many of them will not come back shorn. The Civic Federation has given a send-off to its own investigators, doubtless with something of the enthusiasm which marked the sailing of our Olympian athletes. Yet it is not prizes which these other picked Americans will bear back to their welcoming native shores, but articles, monographs, statistics dry as summer's dust, and all about the working of municipal ownership in England. America is to be urged to go in for it, or to keep out of it, according as the investigation shows that Englishmen are miracles of wisdom, or else prodigies of stupidity, for having taken it up.

There is little doubt that English experience will be made to support both sides of the argument with equal conclusiveness. It will look to the American eye as the American eye likes the look. As has been said of the Bible, the English practice will be the book in which each his doctrine seeks, and in which each his doctrine finds. One investigator will observe the London County Council's steamboats plying on the Thames, and will say, "What geese Americans are not to insist that their cities own every ferryboat!" Another will look into the complaints of poor service by the same boats, will scan the balance sheet which shows that they have been run at a great loss, and will say: "Heaven deliver us from such disastrous experiments." So of municipal tramways in Manchester, city electric lighting in Birmingham, Government-controlled telephones, and so on. Their bad and good points will be vociferously and contradictorily explained to the American people, who will be expected to be made thereby wise unto their political salvation.

We by no means wish to disparage the investigation. The investigators at least will learn something. And if they offer us divided counsels, the inference that the whole matter is complicated with difficulties will not be without its uses. We already have a sort of advance agent of investigation in the person of Everett W. Burdett of Boston, whose paper on "Municipal Ownership in Great Britain" is published in the *Journal of Political Economy* for May. Preliminary extracts from it vexed the righteous souls of the municipal-ownership enthusiasts in Chicago. But they could not suppress Mr. Burdett's article, as they did the famous Dalrymple report; here it stands in its 56 pages of type.

Its most valuable part is the statistical information which Mr. Burdett has amassed. His arguments may be combated and his applications parried, but his facts must be at least chewed and digested. We can all draw inferences—even a horse can, as the farmer said, if he "gets a good hitch." But the facts and figures we are to hitch to must first be provided; and those which Mr. Burdett presents are very much what was needed. Some things they put beyond reasonable dispute. Whatever else may be said of the policy of government ownership of electric lighting, power, and traction, English and Continental experience shows that it has a hampering effect upon the development of the electrical industry, and that the practical extensions in the way of public service are not nearly so great as in this country. Mr. Burdett's summary is: "The United States, with less than double the population of Great Britain, has six times the amount of apparatus installed for furnishing electric light and power, sixteen times as much for electric traction, twenty-three times as many miles of electric railway, twenty-six times as many motor cars, and five and one-half times as much money invested in such enterprises."

Such differences are, of course, to be explained in part by differences in extent of area and in the distribution of population and in national customs, but the salient fact remains well established. Governments, like monopolies, are not enterprising. They do not encourage invention because they do not offer the great stimulus of a big money prize to either inventor or promoter. On the other hand, relieved of the pressure of competition, they are not forever turning, as private investors and corporations are, to plans for reducing the cost of production and improving while cheapening the public service. Hence the result which Mr. Burdett's studies set forth so impressively: quite aside from the debate about policy and cost, municipal ownership in Great Britain appears to be demonstrably sluggish in taking up with new processes and in venturing upon enlargements of the service looking far into the future. A city-owned trolley-line, for example, would not push out into the thinly-peopled suburbs—such an extension would not immediately pay. But a private corporation could afford to wait for returns; while its directors, by means of real-estate speculation along the suburban lines, would see their way to making a great deal of money. Americans may be

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bled by corporations, but they at least get the service. Englishmen may or may not have to pay more for their municipally owned utilities—the actual cost is in dispute—but they confessedly suffer from what Mr. Burdett calls "the inertia and lack of business enterprise which are inseparable from municipal ownership."

If the Government is a fool and the corporation a knave, what woods are we to take to. Reform your governments, say some, and make them pure enough and capable enough to undertake municipal operation. Short of that millennium, however, there are those who would be content if our governments could be made pure enough and wise enough to regulate public-utility corporations. That would not at once open heaven to us, but it would make earth a little more comfortable; and it would give the people more for their money, while at the same time stimulating inventive genius and managing talent by giving them more for their brains.

HENRIK IBSEN.

The death of Ibsen, which occurred on May 23, removes a figure of commanding interest in contemporary letters. No imaginative writer of his generation, except perhaps Tolstoy, so fixed the attention of the entire Western world. Critics might praise or blame, but they felt that they could not ignore. To many, Ibsen is only the later Ibsen—a realistic playwright who handles social questions without gloves and occasionally runs into symbolism. To some, one would think, he is only the author of "Ghosts"—a pathologist who brings loathsome scientific matters upon the stage. But behind the ruthless prober of modern life, back of the remarkable series of plays that began in 1869 with "The Young Men's League," there is a long history of artistic growth and achievement. It is the history of a romantic poet, a keen observer, and a radical thinker, housed together in the same tenement of clay.

Ibsen was born in 1828—at a time, therefore, when romanticism was still a great fructifying influence. This was a part of his inheritance. His birthplace was the little city of Skien in southern Norway, a country which up to that time had produced no writer of international importance—for Holberg, though born in Norway, must count as a Dane. His father belonged to a line of Norwegian sea-captains who had regularly married German wives, save that one of them, several generations back, had varied the procedure by marrying a Scotchwoman. Henrik's mother and her mother were of German stock. Naturally enough, his mixed lineage has been called into play by his biographers to account for his mental traits. His austerity of mind and his predilection for characters of a ranting, proselyting turn have been referred to the strain of Scotch puritanism in his blood; while the German element in him has been made responsible for his *doctrinaire* bent and his propensity for pushing an idea through to the bitter logical end. Better worth noting, perhaps, is the fact that his first childish view of the outer world at Skien took in a church, a pillory, a madhouse, and a jail. When he was eight years old, his father, who had been a well-to-do merchant accustomed to luxurious living and to lavish hospitality, failed in business and was compelled to give up his fine mansion and face poverty in a shabby cottage. Here was a new order of facts which no doubt quickened the brooding child's nascent feeling for "the something that infects the world." Add to this that the atmosphere of the place was an atmosphere of fervid religious discussion, of anxious wrestling with a sinful world, of ascetic resolve and sectarian strenuousness.

At the age of fifteen the lad cut adrift from his impoverished home and found employment as apothecary's 'prentice in the little village of Grimstad. Here he lived some five years, those years of early adolescence which are usually of the first importance in the development of artistic genius. Seemingly a most unpromising school for a dramatic poet with fire in his veins! Yet it served well enough; for the very monotony of outward things threw him back upon himself and favored that intensity of emotional life which, expressed in rhythmical language, is poetry.

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille."

As a youth he found himself at war with society, the society of Grimstad. The placid villagers, absorbed in their own little affairs and indifferent to his ideas and dreams, moved him to wrath. He felt like a caged lion. The revolutionary excitement of 1848 stirred him deeply. He wrote a fervid poem in which he bade the Hungarians godspeed in their struggle against tyranny. He composed a string of sonnets to King Oscar, in which he urged that monarch to lay aside all paltry considerations and take the field in aid of Denmark. The verses were not printed at the time, and so, as their author drily observed long afterward, did not greatly affect the immediate course of European politics. But the poet was finding himself and finding his place in the eternal party of the opposition.

Such was the soil from which sprang Ibsen's first play, the gruesome tragedy of "Catiline." How naturally does youthful radicalism select a criminal for its first hero! Ibsen had by this time decided to study medicine, and, in getting up his Catilinarian orations for the University, he found his spirit of opposition provoked by the voluble and ever-virtuous Cicero, whom he began to think of as the wordy champion of a self-complacent majority, thundering conventional morality at a man he did not understand. Catiline's conspiracy and death took on in his imagination the character of a tragedy of political idealism. The vision once caught, the young apothecary proceeded to fix it on paper in glowing verse. The play was written in the long northern nights of 1848-9, and is a nocturnal affair throughout.

One who reads "Catiline" for adumbrations of the Ibsen that was to be, will find but little to reward his search. To be sure, the intuition of the born dramatist is there. There is life, movement, power. But the total impression is one of unreality. Catiline as romantic dreamer, bent on destroying Rome for Rome's good, and finally done to death by the fiendish hatred of the vestal Furia, does not convince. One feels that he is but the mouthpiece of his creator's longings for a wider and more stirring life. There is autobiography, too, in the words of Furia, in the first act:

"Hvor trang en tumleplads for al min fylde
af vide formål og af hede ønsker!"*

In the spring of 1851, Ibsen turned his back on the sleepy Grimstad and went up to Christiania to finish his preparations for the University. "Catiline" had already been rejected by the theatre, but a second effort, a viking play called "The Warrior's Tomb," met with better luck. It was played with some success—enough to dissipate all thoughts of the medical profession. Its author was, indeed, to become a wonderful diagnostician and a far-famed dispenser of bitter pills, but not in the domain of physic. Leaving school he cast his lot with the local journalists, and soon found himself a member of a radical coterie whose business was opposition. He attended the meetings of the Socialists, wrote for their paper, learned their jargon. Presently, in conjunction with two friends, he started a new radical organ called *Manden* (*The Man*), which attacked conservatives and liberals alike. In his disgust with the faint-hearted liberalism of the day he wrote the operetta "Norma, or a Politician's Love," and published it in *Manden*. It was a slight affair, wherein Bellini's characters were replaced by Norwegian politicians. The young Hercules, idealist through and through, had caught his first glimpse of the monster Expediency; and, not yet having found his club, he fired at the beast a paper-wad of satire.

Toward the end of the year 1851, being now a rising man, Ibsen accepted a position in connection with the new theatre at Bergen, and entered upon his duties under a contract for five years at $300 per annum. The works of this period are "Lady Inger" and "The Feast of Solhaug," both romantic plays of the remote Norwegian past, with no suggestion of ethicism or of any bearing upon present-day problems. In this stage of his career, Ibsen appears as a specifically Norwegian writer, carried along by the general enthusiasm for a *Heimatkunst* that should assert its independence of Denmark. He operates with the familiar resources of romanticism, giving to his work a warm local color, and endeavoring to impart to it, as he once said in explaining the mission of the national poet, "those ground-tones that echo back to us from mountain and dale, from hillside and shore, but especially from our own hearts."

In 1857 he returned to Christiania to take charge of a theatre which had lately been started, under the leadership of Björnson, to represent the national principle and focus the opposition to Danish influence. He had lately been reading certain Icelandic sagas, in Petersen's translation, and, attracted by their peculiar savor, had planned a viking tragedy which should reflect the direct speech, impulsive action, and fierce passions of those rude and predatory forebears. He had convinced himself that the romantic conception of them was wrong, and that the conventional iambic verse was not suited to a national theme. Having come to the conclusion that the best form would be a close imitation of the saga style itself, he

*How mean a stage for all my plenitude
Of vast intentions and of hot desires!

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wrote "The Warriors of Helgeland," a sombre tragedy of demonic passion, unrelieved by any glint of sunshine. From this time he rapidly lost sympathy with the ideals and conventions of the romantic drama. The moods of the questioner, the skeptic, the satiric commentator, began to prevail. Nevertheless, his public took him for more of a pessimist and doctrinaire than he really was. The entertaining "Comedy of Love," wherein a pair of romantic lovers, begirt on every hand by the prose of betrothal and wedlock, renounce each other lest they too fall from the heights, was received with a chorus of indignant protest as an attack on the sacred institution of matrimony. Ibsen was supposed to have intended a demonstration that marriage is and must be the *coup de grâce* of ideal love; and this although he himself was now happily married, and although the other side of the question is admirably stated in the play itself.

What wonder if he began to feel uneasy in Norway? Conscious of high aims and devoted to his art, he saw his efforts misunderstood and assailed by the local philistines, who insisted on making him out a doctrinaire instead of an artist. His income, too, was pitifully small. In a well-known poem of the period he likened himself to a bear compelled to dance in a heated caldron. One may guess that he already dreamed of making his voice heard beyond the limits of the Northland, for there is surely a personal note in the tragedy of "The Pretenders," in which King Haakon carries all before him, because he believes in himself, while his rival Skule is borne down by the creeping paralysis of self-distrust. Ibsen had faith in his own destiny, but he felt that he needed a *πού στῶ* in the free, wide life of the Continent. A Government stipend, obtained with some difficulty, finally brought the coveted boon within his reach. In the spring of 1864 he left Norway for Italy, to spend the next quarter-century of his life in voluntary expatriation, at first in Rome, then in Dresden, later in Munich.

The first-fruits of the long exile were "Brand" (1866), and its pendant, "Peer Gynt" (1867); the tragedy of fanaticism and the tragic-comedy of easy-going selfishness. In these great poems Ibsen incidentally freed his mind with regard to certain shortcomings of his countrymen. Both heroes are undeniably made to a scheme rather than copied from the book of life; but the largeness and audacity of the scheme, the vigor of the drawing, and the novelty of the situations make the strange poems a never-ending delight to the reader. In Brand we have a character for whom the only merit is the strong will unswervingly devoted to a transcendental idea of duty. The fanatical priest, who has none of the weaknesses that make men lovable, and who sacrifices wife and chi. and finally himself to the inner *daimon*, i. a repellent figure, but grand in his isolation. Brand was conceived as the passionate enemy of all half-and-half natures—all who are a little of this and a little of that, according as the wind blows, and who go through the world talking about consequences, feasibility, and expediency. To regard him as the mouthpiece of Ibsen's own opinions is partly right; only one must not forget that the whole drift of the play is to show how such an iron rule of conduct makes havoc of life. But how futile it is to speak of a fine poem as if its "tendency" were the principal thing! What counts in "Brand" is the poetry of it—its imaginative intensity, its vivid portraiture, its terrible pathos. And the same holds of "Peer Gynt," save that the pathos is here replaced by fantastic humor of a vein new to modern literature.

In elaborating "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," which apprised the world that a new star had arisen in the North, Ibsen had deferred for the time being a dramatic plan of still larger import. His first visit to Italy in 1864 had brought home to his imagination the "glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," and had suggested the problem of "Emperor and Galilean." This problem was to represent the form and pressure of life at that pregnant epoch when ancient paganism was making its last stand against the religion of the cross. It was a theme to tempt the ambition of a world-poet, but the materials proved intractable, and the final result was a dramatic colossus which is bewildering rather than impressive. It was its author's last experiment in historical tragedy.

Even before the publication of "Emperor and Galilean," in 1873, Ibsen had already begun to work the vein with which his fame is now mainly associated. "The Young Men's League," with its delectable Stensgaard as the representative of demagogic humbuggery and shiftiness, appeared in 1869. Its satire now seems good-natured and innocent enough, but, at that time, the play was fiercely resented by "friends of the people," who saw their favorite doctrines cutting a rather sorry figure. And yet, just as in the later plays, we have to do not with a strenuous pamphleteer pressing home doctrines that are dear to his heart, but rather with a cynic—a Democritus minus his laugh—looking out upon the shibboleths, humbugs, illusions, and hypocrisies, and showing how they work in concrete cases.

In this brief review there is no room for anything more than a passing reference to the great quintet of plays that mark the meridian stage of Ibsen's career, and which may be described—imperfectly, to be sure—as probings of the social organism. Their scheme is to present, under a fair-seeming exterior, a situation that is rotten at the core; and then to make the play disclose the miserable facts and the damage done by trying to cover them up. "The Pillars of Society" (1877), the mellowest of the five, was given a happy ending, which is morally if not æsthetically edifying; Consul Bernick, whose greatness rests on lies, was merely made to confess his sins in public and turn over a new leaf. In "A Doll's House" (1879), the ideal demand of equality and candor in the marriage relation was pushed to a semi-tragic conclusion. In "Ghosts" (1881), Ibsen dipped his pen in the blackest of ink, and paid his respects to the critics who charged him with thinking too meanly of conventional morality. "See," he said, "how your conventional morality works when it is taken too seriously by a high-minded woman who is tied for life to a profligate." In "An Enemy of the People" (1882), the ideal demand of public honesty was pitted against municipal corruption; while in "The Wild Duck" (1884), on the whole the finest of the later plays, the ideal demand itself was made the target of delicious persiflage. Whoso is inclined to think of Ibsen as a preacher only, and to deny him the impartiality of the true artist, should study "The Wild Duck."

In the final phase of his work he became more and more a pathologist. The elemental passions of human nature had by this time become an old story, and in the search for something new he chose to occupy himself with men and women in whom exceptional fortune has produced a mental habit amounting to an obsession. With this tendency came an increasing fondness for symbolism and the mystic association of ideas. The consequence is that his latest works, with all their perfection of technic and delicacy of drawing, seem much less vitally human than the earlier ones. Such plays as "The Lady from the Sea," "Little Eyolf," and "When We Two Dead Awaken," are admirable enough as subtle studies in eccentric psychology, but they will hardly take a place among the masterpieces of dramatic literature. They appeal to the curious mind, but fail to stir the deeps of universal human nature.

One who looks back over Ibsen's long literary career and takes note of the number and heterogeneousness of his productions will be impressed, first of all, with the difficulty of finding any form of words that shall fitly characterize his versatile genius as a whole. We have to do with an evolution in which one stage is not like another, and also with astonishing diversities in one and the same stage. "The quintessence of Ibsenism" is hard to extract and describe—little less so than the quintessence of Goetheism. To search his writings for a coherent doctrine of ethical or sociological import would be futile, for he can be quoted copiously on both sides of every question. This is only another way of saying that his endowment was that of a dramatist—a species of artist for whom the two-sidedness of questions is a fundamental postulate. To discover the real Ibsen behind the opposing tirades of his characters is a difficult matter, just as in the case of any great playwright. And then, he had a way of making one play grow out of another in such wise that the second should be a sort of antidote to the first, or should let the light play upon the old problem from another direction. Such is the relation, for example, between "Brand" and "Peer Gynt"; or between "The Wild Duck" and the plays that immediately preceded it.

But if Ibsen has no very definite philosophy he has temperament; and we have heard that a work of art is a corner of life seen through a temperament. His was a vehement nature, always intent on being itself and going its own way. At no time was he ever in danger of the fate that threatened Peer Gynt at the hands of the lean button-moulder—that of being melted up as mere scrap for lack of a positive individuality. Speaking broadly, one must say that Ibsen's artistic temperament is deficient in humor. Taken by and large, his plays present a rather sombre view of life. The Genius of Laughter brought no gifts to his cradle. He saw the seamy side of things and only that. He heard the discords and the jangles, but to hear them as elements

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of a larger symphony was not his affair. There was in him but little of the buoyancy of hope or the tenderness of an infinite pity that pardons all because it knows all. Yet there are sunny scenes of pure romance in some of the earlier plays, and in the later ones there is no lack of sardonic humor in certain situations and characters. Even so savage a critic of Ibsen as Max Nordau has recorded the opinion that Gina in "The Wild Duck" is "one of the profoundest creations in the world's literature"—a female Sancho Panza who falls but little below her Spanish prototype.

Of Ibsen's realism it is necessary to speak with some caution. The fact is that his plots are in the main highly artificial concoctions; only, the grave improbabilities are hidden away in the presupposition. In accumulating his mass of combustibles which it is for the play to explode, he pays little attention to ordinary probability, but brings together and piles up what suits his purpose. His exposition usually reveals an ancient entanglement which in actual life would hardly have come about at all, or, if it had, would have straightened itself out long ago. But given the presupposition and the characters, what one sees and hears upon the stage is a very plausible counterfeit of reality. And how surpassingly clever is the technic! Where shall we find another modern playwright who is such a virtuoso in the management of dialogue? Who else can crowd so much of *Stimmung* into a word or a phrase, or produce such intense dramatic effects by means of what is ostensibly mere conversation?

Will his fame endure? There are signs that outside of Scandinavia his vogue is on the wane, and, truth to tell, he has little claim to the august title of world-poet. He will continue to be played more or less by the theatres and to be read by students of the drama; but it is not likely that his books will be extensively read in translation as "mere literature," because, with the exception of "Brand," they are lacking in all the elements of higher edification. Moreover, "Brand" is so intensely Norwegian that no translation can fully preserve its savor. Indeed, take him as a whole, Ibsen is Norwegian to the core, and at his best where his work is most strongly redolent of his native soil. The superb opening scene of "Brand" is worth a whole volume of exotic imaginings like those in "Emperor and Galilean." But the best of him—his poetry, his suggestiveness, his wonderfully pregnant style, his subtle intensities and illuminative flashes—are to a great extent lost in translation. It would not be very surprising, therefore, if the world at large should decide to neglect him. But in the Northland, and particularly in Norway, where the language that he wrote makes music in the heart, his fame will abide with increasing lustre.

CALVIN THOMAS.

IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

KAMPALA, UGANDA, March 18, 1906.

At the present day, a trip to Africa, and indeed to Darkest Africa, has become a very simple affair for the eager tourist. To be sure, an American will have to go to Europe first, unless he prefers the longer road through India; but from Europe itself there are now many and, for the most part, sufficiently comfortable steamship lines to all the principal African ports. Leaving out of consideration the Africa of the north, of the Mediterranean—for in climate, natural productions, population and history, it is not really part of Africa at all, from which it is cut off by the desert—there remain the three other great regions of varying degrees of attractiveness. Of these, the West Coast is not likely, for a long time to come, to appeal to the casual traveller. It is too hot and unhealthy, and, though railway building is going on apace, there is still too much difficulty in penetrating well into the interior except by railway and steamer up the Congo—doubtless an interesting trip, but as yet hardly a comfortable one. South Africa is, of course, an old story. The journey from London to Cape Town is simple, and in many parts of South Africa one can find and enjoy all the comforts of civilization if one is willing to pay for them. The railways stretch many hundred miles to the northward, and the great Victoria Falls are now accessible enough to have been visited by the transplanted British Association. Historically, the interest in South Africa has so far turned not so much on the relations of the dominant white race to the black majority, though this is the question of the future, as it has on the struggle between the near-akin Dutch and British elements.

East Africa, broadly speaking, is composed of a series of large territories, belonging to Portugal, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, and France. They have to be visited separately from the coast, as the holdings of France in this part of the world are chiefly confined to the island of Madagascar, and the possessions of the other Powers, though contiguous on the map, have but scant means of communication with one another, except by sea. For the present, at least, the British possessions are the most interesting. They are easily accessible far into the interior, for they have been opened up by a great railway enterprise. They include, among their populations, one of the most intelligent native peoples on the continent, and they probably possess the most resources for future development. They are divided into two separate administrative regions, British East Africa and the Uganda Protectorate, but the division is artificial, and hardly likely to be permanent. Both Protectorates have recently been well described by competent authorities, and in both even a hasty visit enables us to recognize the usual characteristics of British colonial rule. A large savage population is being taught the principles of law and order by a handful of honest, determined, and devoted white officials. Life and property are generally secure, even-handed justice is dealt out, roads are built, production and trade are increasing—all in the way we expect wherever we find the Pax Britannica. These admirable phenomena have been described many times. Here I shall attempt only to touch on two or three features of the country that are peculiar to it.

To begin with, there is the famous Uganda Railway, which, by the way, runs towards but not in Uganda, for it stops on reaching Lake Victoria at a point still distant from its destination, whither we have to proceed by boat. The line constitutes a unique departure in the history of British colonization. In no other case has the mother country made such a present to one of her newest and weakest children. The situation, however, was an extraordinary one. In the early nineties there were many strong reasons for establishing and maintaining a firm protectorate in Uganda. Its people had awakened profound interest in England, and English missionaries had already converted thousands of them, but the country had just been rent by civil and religious wars, there was more than a possibility, on the part of both Germans and French, of attempts to annex it, and it was in serious danger of coming under Mohammedan rule, which would soon have wiped out the promising Christian churches. English public opinion demanded that Uganda be held, but how could it be effectively administered when to reach it from the coast a journey of two months was necessary, through a region in great part almost uninhabited, and where the prevalence of the tsetse fly made the use of pack animals impossible? The cost of transportation was thus enormous, and the only obvious way out of the difficulty was to build a railway. This the home Government, being at that time in the hands of the Conservatives, made up its mind to do. The engineering difficulties to overcome, though considerable, were not very great (the bridges were made in America and put up on the spot by American workmen); but, as there was no native labor available, thousands of coolies had to be brought over from India, and there was difficulty in feeding and supplying them properly. Then, too, a certain number of mistakes were made in construction, so that, when all was finished, the total cost came to the heavy sum of about £6,000,000 sterling. As the receipts have only just begun to exceed the running expenses, it is not likely that much will ever be repaid to the mother country, which may thus be regarded as having made her new colonies a magnificent gift.

Mombasa, the starting-point of the road, was a native town captured by the Portuguese in the days of their greatness, and held by them amid many vicissitudes for over a century, until, after a long siege, it was taken by the Arabs of Muscat. The old Portuguese fort still remains intact, to-day serving as a prison. Later, the city came under the rule of Zanzibar, from which it passed to that of Great Britain. It is a thriving place, with some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, many of them Hindus. The harbor is small; but, three miles away, on the other side of the island, is the splendid port of Kilindini, where the larger steamers anchor. The ride by rail to Kisumu on Lake Victoria takes a little less than two days. About halfway up, we come to Nairobi, the capital of British East Africa, a raw settlement of no particular natural attractions. Soon after leaving the coast, the line begins to rise, and runs henceforth through an elevated region, mounting and descending several times. At its highest, it is over eight thousand feet above sea-level. The scenery from the car windows is often really fine. In some places, much of the formerly uninhabited land close to the line has been taken up by white settlers, and the natives are gathering in increasing numbers, especially about the stations. It is true, the

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warlike; picturesque Masai have a tendency to withdraw from the approach of civilization, which has deprived them of their chief occupation, that of raiding their neighbors. The rest, attracted by the new opportunities for wealth created by the stranger, do not shun contact with him, even if they have not yet accepted all his ideas, especially as regards clothing. At the stations the traveller frequently sees most astonishing costumes, or the lack of them. Among the Kavirondo, a tribe on the northeast corner of Lake Victoria, the head dress is often very elaborate; the spear still commonly serves the men as walking-stick, a series of bracelets about the limbs and body seems to be a favorite form of female attire, and in the market-places at Kisumu one can view hundreds of both sexes, ornamented, but in a state of complete nudity, or so arrayed as to show that their garments have no connection with our ideas of decency. Except when approached by a camera (a thing some of us also object to), the Kavirondo appear perfectly unconscious that there is anything uncommon in their appearance, and they have the reputation of being decidedly more moral than the average.

Interesting as are the curious people visible along the Uganda Railway, to some travellers the wild animals are more attractive still. As game is protected to a certain distance on both sides of the line, it has got used to the iron horse, which does no harm to it. Especially along the Athi plain the spectacle is extraordinary enough. Of course, the old resident will tell you that the animals used to be far more numerous and you must not expect too much. There are no elephants within a good many miles of the track, and you are not likely to get a look at a rhinoceros even if one did charge a train a year or so ago; the buffalo have been killed off by cattle plague; you go through the giraffe region at night, and do not pass near enough to any lake to catch a glimpse of a crocodile or hippopotamus, though all these beasts abound. The leopards, too, a plague of the country, seldom show themselves when they can help it. On the other hand, you can count on seeing numerous flocks of ostriches and herds of zebra, also the great hartebeest and deer and antelope of many kinds and sizes by the thousand. They all mingle together with perfect freedom, forming a charming picture. On the approach of the train they will, if near the track, be startled into running a few dozen yards, but they soon subside again and look at the strange monster with the carelessness of familiarity. In addition to these peaceful creatures, if you are in luck, you may get a view of a prowling hyena or even of the lion himself, for there are plenty of them about. East Africa is indeed "a sportsman's paradise"—a fact the authorities are well aware of, as they show by their strict game laws. A shooting license costs a stranger fifty pounds, not to speak of many extras, and the number and kinds of animals he may kill, except for noxious ones like lions and leopards, is strictly limited. Even the colonists have not much more freedom, though their licenses are cheaper. These wise measures, besides bringing in the Government a tidy little income, keep alive the goose that lays the golden eggs.

There is one question which can be applied to but few thoroughly tropical regions, but which is of the utmost importance for the future of East Africa. Is it what is generally called "a white man's country"—that is to say, a land where the white man and particularly the Anglo-Saxon can not only live himself, but rear children who will not degenerate? East Africa is situated directly on the equator, and the low-lying coast is obviously as unsuitable for the reproduction of the white race as it is everywhere else in the same latitudes; but the interior is made up of mountain and plateau, several thousand feet above the sea-level. To be sure, there is no winter, but the nights are cool; indeed, if you go high enough up, really cold. Also, the native population is so sparse that there is plenty of room for immigrants. It has thus been enthusiastically proclaimed, and by competent authorities, that here, in the heart of the tropics, is a future home for the virile development of millions of Englishmen. Nay, more, not long ago the Jews were offered a district in which to found a new Zion, though nothing has come of the idea. On the other side, it has been urged that because land is high it is not necessarily healthy. Marshes, noxious insects, and fevers can be found at very lofty altitudes, and though drainage may effect a great deal in time, deluges of tropical rain and a sun that beats down vertically on the head are not phenomena which can be modified by man. Altogether, there is room for diversity of opinion, and the question is one which can hardly be settled definitely for two or three generations, if then. Even the passing tourist can notice two things in this connection—first, that there is already a considerable white immigration, part of it from South Africa, and, second, that there is plenty of fever about.

The Uganda Protectorate in any case, even if much of it has an elevation of two or three thousand feet, is not, nor will it ever be, "white man's country." In compensation it contains within its borders perhaps the most promising negro people on the whole African continent. We must keep in mind, by the way, that the kingdom of Uganda is only a part of the Protectorate, which is an artificial creation, including many different territories and tribes. Its northern portion along the upper Nile is one of the hottest regions in the world. Uganda proper is extremely interesting. The scenery, with its rolling country and wealth of tropical vegetation, even if it is not difficult to match in these parts of the world, is none the less a never-ceasing delight to the stranger. The inhabitants are obviously superior to any of those we have seen on our journey, the last of whom were the naked Kavirondo. Here, in the depths of the continent, the first explorers, Speke, Stanley, and others, found to their surprise not only a State with a real organization, but men scrupulously clothed, a nation intelligent, quick and anxious to learn what the newcomers could teach them. That was a generation ago. Now that the country is well known and under British sovereignty, there is no reason to accuse the earlier travellers of undue exaggeration in their reports. The progress since that time has been remarkable. A mass of converts have been made by French and English missionaries; in fact, it is hardly too much to describe almost the whole people, with the exception of a certain number of Mohammedans, as at least nominally Christian. The King Daudi is a bright, attractive little boy of nine, under the charge of an English tutor. During his minority, the Government is carried on by a regency and the different districts are administered by the native chiefs, who are said to be active and intelligent. The public peace is maintained, justice is dealt out, roads and bridges are built and kept up, all with very little English intervention. European articles of many sorts are being introduced or imitated. Schools are increasing in number, and the children are bright as well as anxious to learn. There is even a beginning of literature. Altogether, though the phrase "the Japanese of Africa," which has been applied to the Waganda, is, of course, inflated, they are certainly a well-endowed people, from whom the friends of the negro may hope for much.

There is, unfortunately, another and terribly dark side to the picture of life here. Within the last quarter of the century the population has decreased from perhaps four millions to one. There have been devastating wars, entailing great loss of human life, but now, in times of peace, the diminution still continues. The land is too full of marshes to be healthy, even for the natives; there has been a certain emigration; and then the birth-rate is very low. This may be due, at least in part, to the widespread immorality prevalent, as was the case already before the coming of the white men. The Waganda kept up their numbers by carrying away the women of their weaker neighbors. Now that this source of supply has ceased, they are declining. To crown all, we have the terrible "sleeping sickness." Coming probably from the Congo, it was first noticed at Lake Victoria in 1900. Although its ravages have been confined chiefly to the lake and only to the northern portion of that (for it has not yet penetrated into the German sphere), it has counted its victims by the tens and perhaps by the hundreds of thousands. The once thickly settled Sesse Islands are now, many of them, practically uninhabited. The disease, as has been recently discovered, is communicated by the bite of a kind of tsetsé-fly. The victim may live two or three years, but there is no known case of recovery. As yet, only three or four white men in this vicinity have caught the malady, but it hangs like a pall over the region.

It would be a pity, however, to end these remarks in a sombre tone. To the traveller this part of the world is too beautiful, too fascinating for him to be easily pessimistic about it. The "sleeping sickness" may go as suddenly as it has come, or modern science, which is studying it actively, may discover some remedy against its ravages. There is fever here, but health depends largely on proper precautions, and, as compared with most other tropical climates, that of Uganda is delightful. The tide will turn, too, in the decline in population, for the race is strong enough physically; and improved morality under Christian teaching, together with improved hygiene, will strengthen it still more, while its mental qualities, already most promising, ought to develop quickly under the stimulus of the contact with civilization.

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In the meanwhile the country is well worth a visit and is easy enough to reach. Mombasa is hardly further than Bombay from Europe, the interesting railway journey from the coast is not uncomfortable, the steamers on Lake Victoria are excellent, the scenery about the shores is delightful. Entebbe, the seaport of Uganda and the residence of the British commissioner, is a new, pretty town, with pleasant English society. A few miles inland is Kampala, perched on seven hills, with its royal palace and its Christian churches, built, and well built, by native labor. There are a few white missionaries, officials, and others, and some keen Indian traders, but around and about it is Africa, the real Africa we have read of in our childhood, the great Dark Continent only just opened out in full to the gaze of the white man.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

TOPOLOBAMPO AND THE FUERTE VALLEY.

FUERTE, MEXICO, March, 1906.

Topolobampo is something more than the port of entry for the rich valley of the Fuerte River. It is a strategic point in international commerce. Its importance was appreciated by the founders of that communistic colony which undertook to establish a mundane Paradise upon these shores some twenty years ago, and yet had the temerity to risk contact with the openly selfish outside world by projecting, and feebly beginning, the trans-continental railroad which later was revived and pushed with energy by Mr. A. E. Stilwell, a promoter of rare judgment and ability, ably seconded by the financial strength and skill of the accomplished governor of the State of Chihuahua, Don Enrique Creel.

Kansas City is very nearly the geographical centre of the United States, and the natural distributing and assembling point for commerce between the Eastern States and railroads leading towards Latin America and the Orient. This long-recognized fact, and the existence of an important virgin area through Indian Territory and Texas to the Mexican border at Presidio del Norte, led to the adoption of Kansas City as the northeastern terminus of a new transcontinental trunk line (the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway), developing also a very rich agricultural and mineral district in Chihuahua and Sinaloa, ending at the superb harbor of Topolobampo, on the Gulf of California. This is the shortest possible railroad route between any point on the longitude of Kansas City and the Pacific Ocean; and the continuation by steamer route to Australia and New Zealand is almost directly on the line of a great circle connecting Kansas City with these antipodal centres of trade. The advantage does not lie with Topolobampo so far as ocean trade with China and Japan is concerned, the arc of the great circle carrying the steamer route within less than a day's steaming from the California coast. The saving in rail haul, however, where costs per ton mile are, at the smallest ratio, three times those by steamer, throws the advantage distinctly, though not heavily, in favor of the Mexican port. The advantages of port dues, through concession of the Mexican Government, also weigh conspicuously. It will be seen, accordingly, that Topolobampo has possibilities as a rival of San Francisco and the newly created port of San Pedro, the "young hopeful" of eager Los Angeles. Its importance, and the peril of it, were sufficiently great to awaken the Southern Pacific Company to bide their chance to make a clever move in this game of international trade, by securing a concession for the West Coast Railway through Sinaloa and Tepic to Guadalajara. This line, aimed partly at future possession of Topolobampo, if possible, will cross the Fuerte River at the lowest point on its course compatible with safety to its permanent way. It is manifest that the most feasible crossing, keeping in view the desire to pass near to Topolobampo, is just above La Constancia.

Topolobampo is one of four important Pacific ports, the others being San Francisco, Guaymas, and Mazatlan, which possess in common the peculiarity of being deep bays surrounded by isolated groups of volcanic mountains on the edge of low-lying coastal plains. Of the four, San Francisco and Topolobampo are the most remarkable. These are two of the finest harbors in the world. The entrance to Topolobampo harbor is along a tortuous but ample channel from 400 to 600 feet in width, on a general northeasterly course, veering northward at the straits, where a deep channel, entirely free from rocks, and averaging 500 feet in width, leads for a mile around the great bulk of Mt. Joshua to the wide expanse of the inner bay, called Ohuira, the latter affording fully one and three-quarter square miles of anchorage in forty feet of water. Beyond Ohuira Bay north and east the plains stretch level toward the Sierra de San Blas, unbroken save for low, isolated, conical hills about twenty miles away, known as Los Mochis, which in the Mayo Indian dialect signifies "the turtles." From the same tongue comes the name of Topolobampo, meaning "hidden water," a most appropriate appellation, for no one would guess, viewing these rugged mountains of Navachiste from the sea or from the land, that so splendid a sheet of water was surrounded by their protecting heights. No stream leads the way to Topolobampo. It seems as if when the forces of nature lifted these mountains they caught up a portion of the sea along with them. Tradition credits the Fuerte River with once having emptied into Ohuira Bay, and some ox-bow lagoons and other evidences point that way, but one of the advantages enjoyed by the port of Topolobampo is that there are no streams bearing silt to choke it. Thus it will remain always a deep harbor without dredging. The vulcanism that once was active here subsided long before the outburst of the rhyolites that heaped up their great terraces on the Sierra Madre. Since the andesites of the Navachiste range were ejected, they have been tremendously eroded, and the sea had cut deep fjords with towering precipices, which in turn formed each its talus. In the course of millenniums these taluses have grown until they have rounded off all vestiges of the ancient cliffs to their very tops, except the high pinnacles of Fernandez y Leal, which rise rugged and impressive 1,300 feet out of the sea.

The sheltered bays and coves of Topolobampo, teeming with fish and waterfowl, and abounding in oysters and clams, have from ancient times been the abode of man. The present railroad town is built upon a vast accumulation of kitchen-middens, stretching for more than half a mile along the water front in solid beds from two to five feet thick. On the northwest side of the narrow neck of land on which the town is situated, is a mangrove swamp, and just where this gives way to open water was an ancient canoe landing, by a level spot on which the heaps of shells and charcoal are piled from ten to twenty feet deep down to the water's edge. The existence of these splendid middens seems to have awakened no curiosity, so that the ethnologist still has here an attractive opportunity. For the most part the heaps consist of clam-shells, with great quantities of oysters, whelks, and winkles.

Remnants still remain of the former communistic colony disillusioned by the volcanic outbursts of the old Adam which demolished their idyllic hopes of peaceful association in a common effort to banish poverty, and disrupted the enterprise. Most agreeably disillusioning, perhaps, was the discovery which most of them have made that individual initiative, forbidden under the ordinances of the Crédit-Foncier Company, with which they originally cast their fortunes, is the surest course to peace and prosperity. That they have prospered, and in many cases grown fairly rich, in a land hitherto devoid of modern transportation facilities, starting as they did without funds, is a proof of the natural advantages of soil and climate which have favored their unaided efforts.

The staple crop of the lower part of the Fuerte valley is sugar-cane. Three large plantations with modern sugar-mills are now in operation at Los Mochis and Ahome, and near La Constancia. The cane yields an average of 16 per cent. saccharine matter, and in practical work a normal output of 175 pounds of washed sugar and 5 litres of 96 per cent. alcohol is obtained per ton. The small planters market their cane at the factories, receiving $4 Mexican silver per ton.

Extensive plantations of *mezcal* are also being established. In this general term are embraced several species of agave, all remarkable for their excellent fibre, commonly known as sisal hemp, and many of them famous as a source of alcoholic distillates. The use of the name *henequen* for the same plants is becoming common, and incidentally confusing, since this is a liberal extension of the old Spanish name of *jenequen*, originally applied exclusively to the *Agave rigida*, var. *sisalana*, grown solely as a fibre plant in the States of Vera Cruz and Yucatan. The varieties yielding both fibre and liquor are mostly *Agave Americana* and *A. lurida*, though others are used, all being species of the genus Agave, next to the cacti the most characteristic and conspicuous plants of Mexico. The experience of planters has shown that the cost of setting out 500 plants to the acre amounts to $115, and that the cost of subsequent tillage averages about $11.43 per acre each year for the seven years needed for the plant to reach maturity. The gross yield of fibre alone is worth about $250 per acre, showing a net profit of over $7 an acre per annum. It is certainly one of the most attractive new industries now inviting the attention of agriculturists in

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Mexico, particularly for those who acquire lands at the present prices, the highest of which are only $2 gold per acre.

The leading products of the Fuerte valley, aside from sugar and mezcal liquor and fibre, are corn and cotton, and extensive vineyards are being established. The climate is in no sense tropical, in many respects resembling that of southern California, with the difference, decidedly in its favor, that the winter rains are light, while the largest precipitation occurs during the growing season, from the middle of June to the middle of September. During the last two years the rainfall has been excessive, occurring inopportunely through all seasons, to the dismay of the corn-planters, who have suffered severely in consequence. This phenomenon is doubtless related to the extraordinary precipitation throughout the southwestern portions of the United States for the same period, which has broken the seven years' drought that had reduced large areas of that region to a more waterless desert than ever before, and had even threatened southern California with financial disaster.

The aspect of the Fuerte valley is singularly pleasing. The broad alluvial lands by the sea are broken here and there by isolated hills, growing more numerous toward the east, where the rugged cliffs of the San Blas range stand like a gigantic palisade separating the coastal plain from the rich *vegas* and rolling uplands of the interior, which extend beyond Fuerte to the base of the Sierra Madre at Choix. The great wall of the mountains makes an eastern sky-line of diversified contour, and ever-changing aspect of light and color. The vision northward is likewise limited by mountain peaks, tumbled in confusion along the border of Sonora, culminating in the aspiring cluster of perpendicular walls and turrets, like a natural fortress guarding the silver treasures of far-famed Alamos.

Though fortune has never cast her fleeting smile upon the Fuerte as it did upon her sister city of Alamos, she has been blest with a greater abundance of fertile land, and more than silver mines has the unfailing flow of precious waters in her river brought prosperity and the certainty of a still more brilliant future. Still, she is not without her mines. The San Blas range is attracting attention as a source of copper. Placer mines are reported in the very heart of the valley. Choix has long been known in the mining world as the source of very showy copper ores, which have been mined in desultory fashion for many years by *gambusinos*, and shipped abroad through the port of Agiabampo, which is a shallow roadstead, within shorter striking distance by mule train than the harbor of Topolobampo. The unstable and commonly low gold value in these ores, with the bunchy habit of the copper deposits themselves, has repressed enthusiasm in the past for this isolated mining district, but an American corporation has now entered the field with a promise of development to demonstrate whether it can be made a reliable producer of copper on a commercial scale. Just over the State line in Chihuahua, but economically as well as geographically linked to the Fuerte Valley of Sinaloa, is a new gold mining district, which has started off with the pyrotechnics of bonanza conditions, the chief interest centring in the Lluvia de Oro mine, a name which to-day replaces the former synonyms for wealth and power—Rosario, Trigo, San José de Gracia, which once held thrall the imagination of the West Coast Mexican. The gossip in the stores and on the streets of the cities and towns turns so persistently to mines that the newcomer would scarcely appreciate how undeveloped is the mineral industry of the region. Every man has a rock in his pocket, which he calls a "sample" of his mine. The favorite specimen is a liver-brown jasper, gayly streaked with apple-green chrysocolla. This is not saying that it all comes from the same generous hole-in-the-ground, for in this part of the valley the rocks exposed pertain almost wholly to a very ancient basal floor of andesite, through which and on top of which were poured the later rhyolites and basalts so conspicuous farther east in the Sierra Madre; and the great uniformity in geological conditions over an immese area, particularly favorable for the formation of copper and silver veins, might easily lead to the repetition of almost identical ores in widely separated localities. An English company is expending a vast sum in the erection of a custom smelting-plant not far from Choix, which displays a very venturesome spirit in view of the extremely undeveloped condition of the mineral claims in the surrounding country, the general apathy of the Latin-Americans in the matter of sustaining such enterprises by steady and energetic production, and the question of transportation, recently complicated by the entrance of the Southern Pacific Company, as a foil against the schemes of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway, and all that depends upon them.

The mining promoters, of a sort which the rich Easterner has not yet learned to avoid, have woven their webs and entangled various unsuspecting capitalists, while the West Coast looks on with a smile, awaiting the inevitable dénoûment. The crashes will necessarily injure the reputation of the district; but where so many small mines for so many decades past have contributed perceptibly to the world's stocks of copper, silver, and gold, it is reasonable to suppose that intelligent exploration and prudent management, under trained and experienced mining engineers, may establish a notable mineral industry upon a sound basis.

In spite of so much mining talk, Fuerte will strike the most ordinary observer as essentially a rural city, entirely innocent of the thrills, excitements, and extravagances of a mining centre. Such it has never known. Its people have manifestly counted carefully the cost, and—paid it! Their mansions have never seen better days. The town has grown rich slowly, steadily, surely, ministering to the wants of an agricultural community; also in no small degree absorbing the lands after the exhaustion of long-continued credits extended to the planters. The architecture of the place possesses nothing noteworthy, unless it be the sad decline of the purer and more artistic architectural instincts of the early days, as shown in the bizarre municipal palace now being built. The old church has a well-proportioned tower; the plaza is ample, and not quite as over-bedecked with parterres as the Plaza de Arenas in Culiacan; there is a noble *panteon* or tomb, prominent on a neighboring hill; and an ideal date-palm avenue by the river on the way to the ancient mission of Ocolomi. Above all, there is a large circle of wholesome, genial, well-educated gentlemen who are the chief ornament of the commercial capital of the Fuerte valley, worthy to take their places among the leaders of the new industrial order that is being inaugurated in this fertile region.

COURTENAY DEKALB.

Correspondence.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been directed to a letter which appeared in your issue of May 17, signed by Dr. E. Schrader of Spokane, Wash., in which he says, among other things: "Does it not look queer that, of all the news spread broadcast over the world by the Associated Press during the recent years about German political affairs, more than 90 per cent. was absolute falsehood, or, to call a spade a spade, lies, made up for no other purpose than to stir up distrust and hatred against Germany!"

I do not know this Dr. Schrader, and I have no idea that you would care to be responsible for his utterances; but since they are published in the *Nation*, may I ask you to say for me that this statement is absolutely groundless, and that no one would more promptly bear witness to its falsity than every important member of the German Government, whether in Berlin or among its representatives at Washington or New York.—Sincerely yours,

MELVILLE E. STONE,
General Manager.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, 195 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY, May 27, 1906.

EPISCOPAL INTOLERANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent "E. L. S.," in the *Nation* of May 17, praises Socrates for upbraiding his friends for using false words in regard to his burial. This is all very well and praiseworthy, but was not Socrates under the condemnation of the Dicastery for plain and truthful talking? So is Dr. Crapsey under the displeasure of the Standing Committee, and will be unfrocked unless he lie to please the powers that be. Plain and truthful statements are not always profitable.

Just at present the Episcopal Church, in western New York at any rate, is in an intolerant mood. It seems to regard its *credo* as more sacred than the Scriptures themselves. And the virgin birth is especially sacred, as if such a belief were of any consequence. What boots it whether Christ were born of a virgin or sprang from the head of Jove? His ethics are the same. Thaumaturgy no longer holds the high place it once held with any one, and is a stumbling-block to many.

There seems just one way out of the dilemma that confronts the Church, and that is to let the creed stand. It is histori-

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cal; it is the connecting link between the present and the past; it is the bridge that has brought us over. It has comforted millions, and is a present comfort to many. So let it stand just as the Scriptures stand, but let each individual interpret it just as he does the Bible. Not even the Standing Committee would ask Dr. Crapsey or any one else to cling to Adam as an historical fact, nor would they insist on eternal punishment of the kind once meted out to sinful creatures. Then why consider the virgin birth so vital? How many vital points have been given up since the time of Copernicus! And the Church is greater than ever. It commends itself to thinking men more when it stands for human needs than when it stands *on* ancient legends.

Again, the Episcopal Church ought not to be too touchy on the question of heresy when her very foundations were heretical. Is not the Anglican Church, the church of Henry, of Edward, and Elizabeth, notwithstanding all the logic of the Tractarians? The Episcopal Church may expel Dr. Crapsey just as a sister church expelled Dr. Briggs, but another and nobler place will await him. Culture and true virtue are not afraid of heresy when that heresy comes from one of high ideals and genuine purity. J. A. BARTHOLOMEW.

NAPLES, N. Y., May 22, 1906.

MEYER'S 'MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of May 3 your reviewer concludes a review of 'Municipal Ownership in Great Britain' with the words: "It is unfortunate that skilful bargaining on the part of companies is characterized as 'enlightened self-interest,' while equal vigilance on behalf of the towns is persistently ascribed to the 'greed' and 'stupidity' of the 'municipal politician.'"

Nowhere in the book in question is there any discussion or characterization of "skilful bargaining on the part of the companies"; and the words "enlightened self-interest" are used only once, to wit, in the last sentence in the book. That sentence is a statement as to the relative reasonableness of the charges made respectively by the American public-service companies and the British municipalities. Finally, neither the word "stupidity" nor the word "stupid" occurs anywhere in 'Municipal Ownership in Great Britain.'

Your reviewer states that 'Municipal Ownership' is based all but exclusively on official evidence; and he adds that he has not himself examined that evidence. It is true that the evidence, as presented in 'Municipal Ownership,' reveals a state of affairs well-nigh incredible. But that fact does not justify your reviewer in intimating, without previous investigation, that the evidence has not been presented impartially and fully. The evidence is easily accessible to any one living within reach of the libraries of Boston and New York; and the subject discussed in 'Municipal Ownership' is of such importance to the American public that the reviewer is not justified in turning the public mind against the book without having made an examination of the evidence upon which the book purports to be based.

The very high esteem in which I hold your journal, emboldens me to ask you to publish this rejoinder.

I am, your obedient servant,

HUGO R. MEYER.

DENVER, May 12, 1906.

[We supposed that what Mr. Meyer calls "the prices charged to us by our companies under the stimulus of enlightened self-interest" (p. 331) were an instance of skilful bargaining—the expression, by the way, was our own, and was not attributed to Mr. Meyer. So far as we recall, almost every attempt on the part of a British municipality to safeguard what it believed to be its interests, is assailed by Mr. Meyer in vigorous, and sometimes offensive, terms. "Greed," "brazen and shameless attitude of mind," "brutality," are a few of the epithets applied (pp. 85, 228, 324). A second reading of the book shows that Mr. Meyer is right in saying that the word "stupidity" does not occur in it. In characterizing the "bureaucrat" or the "bureaucratic mind" he usually employs stronger terms, so that our review did less than full justice. We gave Mr. Meyer credit for having made a thorough study of his sources of information, and expressed the opinion that his arguments could not be lightly answered. At many points, indeed, his views coincide with our own. It is true, nevertheless, that the question is not so simple and so one-sided as he supposes.—ED. NATION.]

THE COMMON VOTER'S "CIVICS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the results of the "Test of Civics" applied to college students are distressing to our political optimists, what words could describe their despondency if the same tests were applied to the common every-day voter, the man in the street—the man who in the last analysis determines our public policy? Imagine the male passengers in a street car taken at random and subjected to Professor Shaper's tests! How many of them could say offhand whether or no the executive made the laws? How many of them could explain what is meant by the unconstitutionality of a law? Or, imagine that they could be inveigled into a psychological laboratory and a record could be made of the reasons which induced them to vote for or against So-and-So as judge in the last judicial election; or why they voted for or against Jones for alderman. Exactly what did they expect would be the immediate outcome of municipal ownership, if the ticket carried? How much sentiment, how much cold reason, and how much accurate knowledge was there in their minds when voting on the tariff or the silver question? If the results of such investigations could be graphically formulated and thrown on a screen for the benefit of some of our sanguine patriots with high foreheads, bald heads, and pale blue eyes—our amiable vox-populi-vox-Dei, all-men-are-born-equal fanatics—we should then undoubtedly see the beginning of an effective demand for a limitation and revision of our political creed long since needed.

Professor Shaper has given our national self-complacency an unpleasant but stimulating "jolt." It is to be hoped that more are forthcoming.

E. L. C. M.

Notes.

In course of publication in parts by B. G. Teubner, Leipzig (New York: Lemcke & Buechner), are two handbooks of commercial discipline, 'Der Deutsche Kaufmann' and 'Der Deutsche Groskaufmann,' the associated product of many competent hands, with copious illustrations.

To enumerate the fifty volumes of "Everyman's Library" before us (London: Dent, New York: Dutton) would require much space, and the publishers will send a prospectus on application. The form is eminently for the hand, the print good, the binding neatly ornate. The standard texts reprinted are introduced and more or less edited by eminent writers, presided over by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The result is a very desirable library at the moderate cost of half a dollar per volume. Here one may find represented Scott, Jane Austen, Bulwer Lytton, Trollope, the Kingsleys, Charles Reade, George Eliot, Boswell, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Carlyle, Emerson, Tennyson, Browning, Lockhart, Macaulay, Borrow, Speke, White of Selborne, Sir Thomas Malory, F. W. Robertson, Huxley, Hans Andersen, even Balzac ('Peau de Chagrin' in translation). We can go no further in analysis or description; but since, in addition to Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria,' we have his poetic anthology by Stopford Brooke—'The Golden Book of Coleridge'—we will remark on one example of the compiler's avowed license in leaving out "stanzas and lines which seem [to him] to injure the impression of the whole." We refer to the "Christmas Carol," a torrential invective, with specifications, against war, worthy to be taught by rote in every public school. By an almost jingoish selection, Mr. Brooke has reduced it to a sort of three-stanza hymn, perfectly abstract, with the moral power quite gone out of it.

The handsome reprint in three volumes of 'Kaempfer's History of Japan' (the Macmillan Co.) is an event of high literary interest, and it deserves the space usually granted to a body article in a quarterly review. To treat it fairly, not only should one make comparison with the facts of to-day, but an expert should annotate, showing how far he could assent to Dr. Kaempfer's assertions and speculations. On the subject of Shinto, for example, the work is both obsolete and misleading, for it deals with Riobu or Buddhaized Shinto; yet even here Dr. Kaempfer is valuable as historian of opinion. His derivation of the Japanese as "an original nation" from Babylon, by direct migration, can hardly be called science. Apart from what in the book is manifestly of slight importance, the general contents are of such value that, for a student of Japan, it would be hard to overpraise them. It is not probable that the European world in 1729 was able to appreciate what Kaempfer, during his twenty-six months' residence in Japan, in 1691-

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1692, had acquired. We have here the original book-matter, account of translator, introductions, maps, diagrams, illustrations, appendices, and index. The chapters on Siam, voyage to Japan, reception at Nagasaki, local government, the Portuguese in Japan, journey to Yedo, papers on the moxa, tree plant, etc., are unabridged. For the reference library and the philosophical student of the Japanese, the work is invaluable. Mechanically, there is little to be desired.

A revised edition of Sir Edward Ridley's translation of the 'Pharsalia' comes to us from the press of Longmans, Green & Co. Pompey, Lucan's choice between the two contestants, was not a suitable hero for an inspiring epic, and Lucan's qualifications as a poet were decidedly inferior. "Oratoribus magis quam poetis adnumerandus," was the opinion of Quintilian, and, bearing in mind that Quintilian does not imply that he was really a good orator, one can hardly better the criticism. It follows that a faithful translation can hardly give a very inspiring poetic result, and, aside from furnishing a scholarly avocation to a cultured English judge, we fail to see that the effort was worth while. To go back to Nisard as to the substance of the poem: "For philosophy, for the knowledge of man, for the understanding of his passions, of his interests, of his inclinations, the 'Pharsalia' is a dead work; there is nothing to be learned there.". Work on Lucan since the appearance of the first edition of this translation, ten years ago, has not been quite as scant as Justice Ridley imagines. At least one of the books within that time which has escaped his notice, that of Oskar Schmidt, on the use of metaphor and simile in the 'Pharsalia,' might have furnished valuable suggestions for the revision of his translation.

'In the Desert' (London: Edward Arnold), by L. March Phillips, is an attempt, first, to give the impressions received during a journey in the Algerian Sahara. In this the author has been more successful than most travellers. His descriptions of the first glimpse of the vast wilderness from the great gorge known as the Fum es-Sahara, the Door of the Desert, the sunrise, the storm, the oases and the nomad tent-dwellers, are vivid. In addition to these pictures are brief accounts of two or three towns including Kairwán, the Mecca of North Africa. This leads Mr. Phillips to show the civilizing results of the French occupation, their general methods of government and development of the hidden resources of the sands through well-sinking and railway construction. His main object, however, is not merely to reproduce his travelling notes, but to demonstrate that the Arab is the true child of the desert; its instability is the marked feature in the Arab's character. Hence a sketch of his history from his first appearance in the Western world to the present time, and an exhibition of the way in which the desert and its life are reproduced in his poetry, his architecture and his religion. The chapter upon Mohammedanism dwells at some length upon the two great divisions of the followers of the prophet, the Sunnites and Shiites, but makes no mention of the peculiarly African sect of the Senussiyeh, whose influence has been and still is great in Central and Western Africa. The book is interesting and suggestive, though the style is at times somewhat discursive and it is a little difficult to follow the author's train of thought. The excellent illustrations are mostly of desert landscapes and architectural details.

A new handbook for campers, 'Camp Kits and Camp Life' (Scribners), comes from the pen of Charles Stedman Hanks, otherwise known as "Niblick." To this writer successful camping does not necessitate so complete a reversion from civilization to nature as some insist upon. He names just forty-eight different articles of food and seasoning as the desirable equipment for two men and two guides for an outing of one month. The book is copiously supplied with instructions to the novice for specific emergencies, but there is a tendency to assume agencies not at all likely to be at hand, since most people do not go into the woods fitted out on the scale indicated by the varied table supply already mentioned. Directions for firing at a bunch of birds imply that Mr. Hanks is not abreast of the ethical development of sportsmanship. The man who deliberately fires into a bunch of birds, possibly crippling several in his eagerness to bring more than one to his bag, has a better claim to the title of pot-hunter than to that of sportsman. The list of possible guns from which the hunter may choose is also too inclusive for the highest ideals of sportsmanship. The chapter on bass fishing indicates but little experience with that particular fish, and the description of a dime's worth of line and hooks, to be used with any rod which comes to hand for the capture of the great Northern pike, is conclusive against any experience in pike fishing at all. Mr. Hanks is at liberty to disdain any particular fish, but that does not excuse seriously misleading statements in a handbook of this kind. His directions for preparing a pot of baked beans in the woods, however, are so obviously excellent as to cancel all minor faults and deficiencies.

Mr. M. N. Tod and Mr. A. B. J. Wace, the Assistant Director and a student of the British School at Athens, have made an excellent 'Catalogue of the Sparta Museum' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). The policy of the Greek Government is to bring the most important movable antiquities to the great National Museum at Athens, excepting the objects found at Olympia and at Delphi. Small museums are maintained for less important objects at Sparta, Corinth, Argos, etc., in less prominent places, being in general only a room or two in the basement of a school building, and the schoolmaster being often the keeper of antiquities. The museum at Sparta is perhaps the oldest of the local museums, and has retained some sculptures and inscriptions of great interest, although the ancient Spartans were not devoted to either art or literature, and only slight remains of sculpture or architecture have been found in their land. The golden cups discovered in a tomb at Vaphio were pre-Dorian. Still, the numbers in the accession-list of the museum at Sparta run above eight hundred—more than twice as many objects as this museum contained when the only previous catalogue was published in the second volume of the Athenian *Mittheilungen* in 1878. The new catalogue was much needed. Knowledge of the contents of the smaller museums of Greece is not easily obtained without a visit. Concise introductions in part remedy for the students in another land the inconvenience of following the order of the inventory or accession-list, which is retained because of its importance for the visitor and student in the museum itself. More than eighty figures in the text save many words in the descriptions.

Dedicated to President Roosevelt and prefaced by M. d'Estournelles de Constant, the book of M. Jacques Dumas on 'Les Sanctions de l'Arbitrage International' (Paris: Pedone) exhibits this originality, that it handles for the first time the whole problem of the sanctions of arbitration. The author, who is a French magistrate of note and an active "pacifist," has treated his subject with great thoroughness from the standpoint both of the historian and of the jurist. In this very readable volume of 450 pages he first reviews the whole history of sanctions—material, civil, penal, and political—as applied in past cases from Greece down, and then examines their efficacy in relation to the problems of the future. His main principle is to discard absolutely any form of sanction implying the return to the barbarous sanction of war. This book, which ought to be in the library of every believer in the practicability of arbitration, will be invaluable when the Hague tribunal begins seriously its great work, and faces the tremendous problems that will come before it.

The director of the Royal Art Gallery of Turin, Alexandre de Vesme, has issued a catalogue of the Italian painter-engravers of the seventeenth century, 'Le Peintre-Graveur Italien' (Milan: Hoepli), which is intended to supplement Bartsch's standard work that ends with Marc Antonio and his followers. M. de Vesme has covered a period not previously treated, one of decadence, it is true, but which includes sixty-one well-known engravers and etchers, among them Salvator Rosa, Carlo Maratti, Villamena, Della Bella, and Pietro Testa. The author has made a long and careful study of his field, and has succeeded in supplying a work which will be of great service to students and amateurs of its subject.

Dr. A. Keysser, the director of the City Library of Cologne, whose pamphlet on Belles-Lettres and Libraries was noticed in these columns last year, has issued another small but weighty contribution to library literature, under the title 'Das Bibliothekswesen als Gegenstand der öffentlichen Verwaltung.' In discussing the library as an object of public administration, the author takes up the questions of Management by Experts, Finances, Literary Resources and the Work of Collecting, Caretaking and Utilization, Regulations for Use, National Organization. At the outset he states with great emphasis that the work of managing a library must be entrusted to a trained or experienced librarian, and he deplores the tendency to give precisely the leading positions to men without the slightest technical qualifications, quoting from Dr. Nörrenberg: "If my tailor understands his business ever so well, there is no reason why I should order my boots from him; and a thoroughly competent teacher or scholar is therefore not yet a librarian." In the concluding chapter Dr. Keysser advocates a common organization of all German libraries as

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the best way to efficiency. A similar proposition is made in another pamphlet, by Dr. E. Reyer of Vienna, 'Kritische Studien zum volkstündlichen Bibliothekswesen der Gegenwart,' otherwise chiefly devoted to discussions of statistics. Dr. Reyer recommends the preparation in every city of a general card catalogue of all the books in the more important libraries, interlibrary loans, and a division of the field of literature among the various libraries, so as to avoid duplication.

Under the heading "Books as Merchandise," Mr. C. W. Andrews offers in the May number of *Public Libraries* some reflections on the market value of collections of books, based on his experience as librarian of the John Crerar Library. "The problem is not an academic one," he says, "for this value should be included in the statement of the assets of every public library." Present practice in this respect seems to be simply to add up the total amount expended for books, which can hardly be accounted a statement of assets, since few books retain their market value after having been on the shelves of a public library. The formula which Mr. Andrews recommends "should allow for a depreciation of about 50 per cent. on all purchases upon receipt; then for a slow depreciation, say of 3 or 5 per cent. annually—this depreciation to continue indefinitely on the individual books, but stop after a time on periodicals; and the result thus obtained should be increased by a percentage, small at first, but larger for each 100,000 volumes in the library, provided the collection is kept up to date and its sets of periodicals maintained in perfect condition."

In the same number, Dr. J. H. Canfield writes about certain young women with library training who left their positions at the Columbia Library to take up work with commercial houses and law firms; their duties in their new places being to keep files of papers and records in order, or to have charge of office libraries. It seems that this class of employers appreciates the value of trained help better than Columbia University, inasmuch as each of the young women in question received at once an increase in salary of from 50 to 100 per cent., and in a short time considerably more. Attention might here be called to a letter to the editor, written by Miss Irene Warren, and protesting against the plan of increasing the first year's dues to the American Library Association from $2 to $3. She alleges that this raise, small as it may seem, adds a considerable percentage to the professional expenses of a class of workers who are, as a rule, very poorly paid, namely, assistants in the lower grades of even the larger libraries, and librarians of the smaller. "It is strange," Miss Warren exclaims, "that many of these men who are standing for college-trained workers are placing the salaries of their staff at the lowest possible rate. . . . The conversation and action of some 'library employers' sometimes suggest that their economies and bargains extend to the realm of human lives, and that is a dangerous field." Miss Warren's letter and Dr. Canfield's confessions, taken together, offer much food for thought.

The *Geographical Journal* for May opens with an article, by Mr. S. Green, giving many details in respect to the wrecks of the Spanish Armada on the Irish coast. The one fact of general interest brought out is the remarkable knowledge the Spaniards had of the coast, due to their close intercourse with Ireland, which went on for centuries prior to the days of Elizabeth and of which many traces still remain. In the year immediately before the sailing of the Armada, Sir Humphrey Gilbert reported to the Queen that there were 600 Spanish fishing-boats on the coast, besides permanent fishing establishments. On the accompanying map the places of twenty-five different wrecks are noted, and there are pictures of some of the most interesting localities. Prof. Scott Elliot describes the effects of certain water-plants in Chili in changing the geographical configuration of the land, as, for instance, in the formation of pampas in what was once a sea. In the discussion following the reading of this paper before the Society, Col. Church, the great authority on South American geography, referred to the gigantic amount of silt carried by the river Paraná, at least a cubic mile in every twenty-two years. "If you could turn the river across the Isthmus of Panama," he said, "it would cut the Panama Canal down to sea-level in about nine months—a great pity for the United States Treasury that it cannot be done." The persistent homogeneity of population and social life in the Levant is ascribed by Mr. D. G. Hogarth to the geographical conditions. The Greeks, Armenians, the so-called Turks of Anatolia, and the Syrians all have similar facial types, quick intelligence, and instability of purpose. In the fact that the eastern Mediterranean lands have ever been open to the inroads of steppe and desert nomads, he finds some explanation of those characteristics of restlessness—superficiality and individualism.

The eighteenth report on the public records of Massachusetts by the Commissioner, Robert T. Swan, necessarily traverses old ground, but, as usual, repays reading. His circular chapter of "Don'ts" in particular merits the attention of all who have to do with the making or custody of records, public or private. The discussion of the relative resistibility to fire of vaults and safes is timely. Mr. Swan exposes a swindling concern pretending to have copies, and sometimes the originals themselves, "of nearly all the church and town records of New England prior to the year 1800." Mr. Swan declares that not a single town in that section "has had all of its records copied," and otherwise brands a falsehood concocted for credulous genealogists. He closes by bespeaking bequests for fireproof town-record offices, as well as for the safe-keeping of historical relics.

It is often said by Southerners that they would, if left to themselves after the war, have done their duty in elevating their black fellow-Americans. This may explain, as pure jealousy, the social tabu maintained to this day against white Northern instructors of the blacks, even in training-schools for nurses; but it does not account for a recent experience in Louisville. There it was desired, in conformity with the caste spirit, to establish a colored branch of the public library. Difficulties arose with white householders, who (as one may read in the *Courier-Journal* of April 8) "seemed to be under the impression that their property might be desecrated by such use." Finally, a colored citizen gave up the ground floor of his own residence for the library. Its frequenters "have no hesitation in expressing their preference for books by and about their own people," though 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is not specified. (Are they allowed access to it?) Oddly enough, George Eliot's works are in great favor.

In the *Nuova Antologia* Professor Dall' Osso, the head of the Naples National Museum, describes an important fresco recently discovered in Pompeii. It symbolizes the origin of Rome, and is divided into four scenes, each representing a leading feature in the great event. The first is laid in heaven, and in the left corner of the picture Helios is represented as ascending the horizon in his sun-chariot, while Mars stands in the middle in golden armor, a lance in his right hand. The second shows the King's house in Alba Longa, and on the right the King's daughter, Rhea Sylvia, lying asleep near the temple of the priests of Mars. The third depicts the punishment of Rhea Sylvia, who is to be drowned in the river; while the fourth exhibits the course of the river Tiber, on the banks of which Mercury is giving the twin boys to the shepherd, Faustulus. Dall' Osso is convinced that the composition is not an original product, but a copy of an old Greek painting.

The international exchange of professors is not to be limited to the plan now being realized between Berlin and America. German papers report that a similar project is being matured for the purpose of bringing France and Germany into closer contact educationally. With the consent of the Cultus Minister of Prussia, a Paris professor has been invited to teach his mother tongue conversationally at one of the higher schools of Schoeneberg, near Berlin. The city council is expected to furnish the funds for this new venture.

The Second International Congress for School Hygiene has been called to convene in London from the 5th to the 10th of August. On the whole, the programme, as announced by the General Secretary, covers about the same ground as the first congress did that met in Nuremberg in 1904. The work will be divided among ten sections. An exhibition of plans for model school buildings, school furniture, etc., will be held in connection with the congress.

The International Astronomical Association, of which Prof. H. von Seeliger of Munich is president, has sent out invitations for the next general convention to be held in September of the current year in Jena, in accordance with the resolution passed two years ago at Lund. Announcements of papers, attendance, and the like, should be sent to Jena, where the Observatory will be the official headquarters of the congress.

The Medical Faculty in Paris recently engaged to publish a technical 'Universal Lexicon of Pharmacology,' in nine living languages. At the earnest recommendation of a number of savants, it was decided to add Esperanto as a tenth language.

—The June *Century* offers some choice bits of copiously illustrated description. Corwin Knapp Linson contributes a few paragraphs on sunset effects near Jerusalem, accompanied by two brilliant color

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drawings, his own rendering of what he calls "a whirlwind of scarlet and gold and crimson, of violet and blue and emerald, flecked with copper and bronze and shreds of smoky clouds in shadow, a tempestuous riot of color so wild and extraordinary as to hold one spellbound." Wladyslaw Benda describes a tract of mountain territory in the highest part of the Karpathian system, between Galicia and Hungary, with his own drawings, reproduced in half-tone. The Pennells trace the Marne from its source to Paris, with nearly thirty varied bits of scenery depicted in Mr. Pennell's well-known style, the characteristic note being that of a shrinking, pastoral stream, flowing as through the Lotus Eaters' land, and able to retain its shy charm even through one of the busiest parts of rich, prosperous, and hard-working France. Of a different order, but intensely interesting, is Ernst von Hesse Wartegg's account of the trolley line which has been gradually working up to the Jungfrau from Interlaken, and is to end, possibly in five or six years, at a point only a little over 200 feet from the summit, with an electric lift to raise the tourist right through the gneiss rock to the very top. William H. Tolman writes of some of the European "Museums of Security," an institution scarcely yet known even by name in this country; its purpose being to display the various devices for promoting the health and safety of the people, and especially of those engaged in occupations involving any particular danger.

—Frederick Trevor Hill appears in the opening pages of *Harper's* with a plea for a reversal of the popular verdict against Aaron Burr. It is not difficult to show from the records that the specific charges against Burr were not sustained by any evidence produced by the prosecution, but the instinctive condemnation of Burr goes deeper than the occurrences upon which the theory of a treasonable conspiracy to divide the Union was based, and Mr. Hill attempts a hopeless task. Charles Henry White, of New York, writes of Philadelphia in the well-known humorous strain. Old Chester and Dr. Lavendar have become so fixed a feature of the magazine that an article on an Old Chester without a Dr. Lavendar is liable to produce temporary bewilderment in the reader's mind, until he recalls the older Old Chester of Roman Britain, which Mr. Howell takes as the subject of his English paper for this month. Mr. Howells is not favorable to any further disturbance of later structures in order to unearth Chester's Roman foundations. "To be sure, if one knew they underlay New York, one would gladly level all the sky-scrapers in the town that they might be given to the light. But in Chester it is another matter." The monthly discourse from the Easy Chair is humorous and suggestive as usual, taking its text this time from the inquiry of a perplexed correspondent who wishes to know "why a second-class writer cannot sell his best work, while he can dispose of his worst." An appreciation of the work of Mr. Howells by Mark Twain is one of the announcements for the July number.

—'A Treatise on American Citizenship,' by John S. Wise (Northport, N. Y.: Edward Thompson Co.), is the title of a convenient handbook dealing with the primary rights, duties, and privileges of the American citizen, and analyzing the peculiar dual system—Federal and State—under which he lives. It is fortified by a large collection of decided cases. The author has ranged over the field, not only of citizenship, but of constitutional law, and the result is that here and there the boundaries are not made distinct. This is especially observable in his enumeration of "rights, privileges, and immunities." The privileges and immunities guaranteed by the Constitution to "citizens of each State" in "the several States" have never been exactly defined, but, from what is quoted from the decisions, they seem to mean those ordinary civil rights for the protection and preservation of which governments are instituted; and Mr. Wise refers to the Virginia Bill of Rights as a good example of a formal declaration of them. In the national Declaration of Independence we find another enumeration of them. Mr. Wise classifies rights, privileges, and immunities granted or guaranteed to the citizen by the Federal Constitution and amendments under sixty-two heads: Among these we find, of course, the right to trial by jury and habeas corpus, but also a right "in each State to equal suffrage in the Senate," and an "immunity" from any State law impairing the obligation of contracts. The first of these is surely a right vested in the several States, and not in the citizen; while the unconstitutionality of statutes impairing the obligation of contracts enures to the benefit of all parties to such contracts, whether citizens or not. As a popular summary of the more important features of our system, the book will be found useful. It is marked by great fairness and freedom from bias of any kind.

—The "History of All Nations" series (Philadelphia: Lea Bros.) continues to put forth its imposing volumes, and has now reached the Napoleonic period. Without rehearsing what has been said by us already regarding this work, it must suffice to indicate the character of the latest instalments which we have received. Volume XV., by Dr. Martin Philippson, is entitled 'The Age of Frederick the Great,' from its dominant motive, though, like its predecessors, it considers the development of Europe comparatively and with reference to every leading country. Beginning with the origin of the Seven Years' War, it covers that great contest, the First Partition of Poland, and the era of the enlightened despots. Dr. Philippson's contribution to this series has been extremely considerable. Here, as before, he indicates precisely his own point of view, and writes with a directness which will be grateful to the reader. To take a single instance, he frankly denounces the idea that Germany was only harmed by the French Revolution, and would but for it have developed more peacefully and rapidly along the lines of moderate liberalism. "Were not all the former attempts at reform, however simple and necessary, foiled? Were not the efforts of the Emperor Joseph in this direction completely baffled? Had not even a Frederick the Great to content himself with mere abolition of serfdom? And did not this institution continue to prevail almost everywhere else in Germany? There was nowhere the least indication that any one thought of abolishing the degrading system of caste, and giving the people a direct interest in public affairs, or of abrogating the inequalities of taxation and military service." Volume XVI. embraces Professor Flathe's 'The French Revolution and the Rise of Napoleon.' In a sketch extending from the convocation of the States-General to the creation of the Empire, he finds some space for the concerns of Europe at large, despite the almost irresistible tendency to make everything pale before the meteoric career of France during the fifteen years in question. If we may make a rough comparison, there is more of France in Flathe's book than of Prussia in Philippson's. However, little fault can be found with the perspective in the narrative of the Revolution, and enough space is allowed to admit the insertion of much lively detail. Vol. XVII. also by Flathe, covers the latter part of the Napoleonic era, and is written from the standpoint of the German patriot who not only looks upon the Emperor of the French as a wanton tyrant, but thinks that France was far too well treated at the Congress of Vienna. As before, the volumes are copiously illustrated, and in some cases facsimiles of documents have been introduced.

—The discussion over 'Il Santo' and the Index calls attention to the appearance of a third edition of the Abbé Bethleem's handbook of literary morals, as one might call it, 'Romans à lire et Romans à proscrire.' The book was put through the press in advance of the condemnation of 'Il Santo,' whose author is simply included by the Abbé among worldly writers "who take so many liberties with morality or truth that they are to be considered as more or less under suspicion, and cannot be read without danger except by those who have had previous warning and are of mature age and judgment." 'Il Santo' in particular is a work of art and religious criticism "assaisonnée de rosminianisme, d'américanisme, de murrisme et de spiritisme," written with the apparent purpose of indicating alleged reforms needed in the Catholic Church. Octave Feuillet has delightfully idealized family life in "le grand monde," and has displayed profound psychological insight in depicting various things, including the heart of woman, but his books are generally dangerous because they set one to dreaming too much, and "exhale a perfume of sin." Gorky is also of the worldly, primarily the romancer of vagabonds, his characters denuded of all moral sense and his teaching revolutionary. Kipling's Jungle books are delightful in spite of a few shocking oddities, but, aside from them, he "celebrates the brutality of English Imperialism," even such books as 'Stalky & Co.' and 'Captains Courageous' being simply "jingoist morals in action." The writings of Alphonse Daudet are divided into three classes, those which "les tout jeunes gens se contenteront de lire," those which "les plus grandes pourront lire avec prudence," and finally those which "ne sont pas tous inoffensifs, même pour les grandes personnes." Tolstoy, George Meredith, Bret Harte, Camille Flammarion, are included along with Ouida, Anatole France and Gabriele D'Annunzio in the class "à proscrire en vertu de la morale chrétienne." Some thirty pages are given to the romances under

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the ban of the Congregation of the Index, and something more than one-third of the volume is devoted to works which are unhesitatingly recommended as safe. It would be interesting to know just what one of the various classes of books noticed will get the most advertising value out of inclusion in these lists.

A DEFENCE OF MR. FROUDE.

The Life of Froude. By Herbert Paul. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Mr. Herbert Paul, who is well known on both sides of the Atlantic as a brilliant essayist and critic, gives us in this biography of James Anthony Froude a piece of work marked by his usual force, point, and vivacity. There is much wit in it, many happy dicta, and some good epigrams. It is highly controversial, defending Froude from the attacks of his numerous critics, and carrying the war into the enemies' country by attacking the critics themselves. This warlike atmosphere was perhaps unavoidable, for Froude led a troubled life, always saying or writing things which incensed other people and brought onslaughts upon himself. His life could no more be written without noticing these conflicts than Gen. Grant's could be written omitting all the battles. It was also the more natural for Mr. Paul to devote much of his book to such matters because he had not the advantage of a mass of correspondence upon which to draw for an account of his hero's thoughts and occupations. There are a few, but only a few, letters given in these pages, and though they are always forcible, often characteristic, they have no such eminent merits of thought or style as to make us long for more. Neither does Froude seem to have kept a diary. Neither have any of his more intimate friends made any contribution to the volume in the way of personal reminiscences or characteristic anecdotes. Thus the materials, except the few letters already referred to, are comparatively scanty; and Mr. Paul has been obliged to rely upon the facts supplied to him by some members of Froude's family about his early life, and upon the books and articles, abundant indeed, which proceeded from a fertile pen during a long life.

The book necessarily lacks that which makes the chief interest of the lives of literary men—inner lights on their methods of thinking, bits of their own familiar writing; but for this the biographer is not to blame. It is open to the charge of occasional repetition, saying the same thing about Froude over and over again in almost the same words—a defect which seems in this instance due to haste in composition, for Mr. Paul's literary essays are free from it. He is not always accurate in details, though the errors we have noted are not of sufficient magnitude to be worth enumerating. But the book is interesting, and it is honest. Mr. Paul is no doubt a vehement partisan. His object seems to be to prove Froude as much as possible in the right, and even more to prove his antagonists always in the wrong. In pursuing this object he says a good many things not only about his hero, but also about history, which startle us. To defend Froude from the reproach of not being a scientific historian by saying that "if history be a science, no less and no more, he must remain outside the pale in the company of Thucydides, Tacitus, Gibbon, Macaulay, and Mommsen," takes one's breath away. If Thucydides and Mommsen, for instance, are not scientific historians, who is? And what have they, exact and accurate students, in common with Froude except that all three are good reading? His partiality for his hero, natural indeed as it is in a biographer, is so pronounced that we suspect it may set his readers the other way, and prove less effective than a more sober and moderate statement of the facts would be. But let us repeat once more, this eagerness to defend Froude, while it takes the form of declamation, or explanation, or palliation, never leads to any perversion or coloring of the truth. Mr. Paul is perfectly upright, and with laudable candor sets out facts which tell against the subject of his admiration. Neither Froude's mistakes, nor his violent partisanship, fatal as both are to the proper writing of history, excite his wrath to anything like the same degree that they have done that of most of Froude's critics. But both defects are admitted.

James Anthony Froude was the son of an archdeacon of the Church of England, who was also a Devonshire landowner in easy circumstances. He had the misfortune at the age of five to lose his mother, and his boyhood was thereafter a wretched one, for his father grew stern and cold, and the discipline to which he was subjected by his aunt and his elder brother was harsh. Neither was he fortunate in his schools and schoolmasters. A more dismal childhood, and one more likely to blight a man's character and give him a twist towards cynicism for all the rest of his life, can scarcely be imagined, if the picture here presented be a true one. In 1836, being then eighteen, he entered at Oriel College, Oxford. He brought with him a bright, keen intellect, which had assimilated much from reading many books, but had received no regular training and very little of classical scholarship in the higher sense of the term. His first years at Oxford were far from studious, but he ultimately "pulled himself together" (as they say), won a high distinction, the Chancellor's prize, for an English essay, and was elected to a Devonshire fellowship at Exeter College. It was a condition of this fellowship that the holder of it should, after a time, be ordained a minister of the Church of England, or else lose the emoluments, which were of course a matter of importance to a young man who had no other profession and such scanty private means as to be really dependent on his father. Froude had fallen under the influence of John Henry Newman, who was then in the zenith of his power; and although it would seem from Mr. Paul's account that theological doubts had already begun to invade his mind and unsettle his convictions, still he was not so far actually a disbeliever in Christianity as to do any great violence to his conscience in being ordained a deacon, which he was in 1845.

At Newman's instance he contributed to a series of Lives of the English Saints a life of St. Neot, of which Mr. Paul says, "He told the story as legend not quite as Newman wanted it. 'This is all,' he said at the end, 'and perhaps rather more than all that is known of the life of the blessed St. Neot.' His connection with the series ceased" (p. 34). We have seen or heard the story of the conclusion of the book somewhere told, but cannot now say where, in a slightly different form, viz., "This is all that we know, and more than we know, but less than the angels know, of the life of the blessed St. Neot." Anyhow, the disciple was not quite up to the standard of his master, who shortly thereafter quitted the Church of England, and, as every one knows, became after long years a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. Froude presently found his position as a clergyman and a tutor of his college increasingly difficult. In 1848 he wrote a book called 'The Nemesis of Faith,' highly unorthodox, of which Mr. Paul says:

"It is not a novel, it is not a treatise, it is not poetry, it is not romance. It is the delineation of a mood; and though it was called, with some reason, skeptical, its moral, if it has a moral, is that skepticism leads to misconduct. That unpleasant and unverified hypothesis, soon rejected by Froude himself, has been revived by M. Bourget in 'Le Disciple' and 'L'Étape.' The 'Nemesis of Faith' is as unwholesome as either of these books, and has not their literary charm. It had few friends, because it disgusted free-thinking Liberals as much as it scandalized orthodox Conservatives" (p. 46).

The immediate effect of its publication was to cause the senior tutor of Exeter College, the Rev. William Sewell, to burn it during a lecture in the College Hall, and to lead the rector and fellows of the college to request its author to resign his fellowship—fellowships in Oxford colleges were in those days subject to theological tests—backing their request by a threat of expulsion. Froude yielded, and went out into the world to try his luck as a man of letters. He was not, however, altogether inexperienced, nor had 'The Nemesis of Faith' been his first literary venture. Some little time before—Mr. Paul is rather sparing of dates, and does not give this one—he had produced two short stories, published anonymously, of one of which Mr. Paul says:

"'Shadows of the Clouds' is a valuable piece of autobiography. Without literary merit, without any quality to attract the public, it gives a vivid and faithful account of the author's troubles at school and at home, together with a slight sketch of his unfortunate love affair. Froude was a born story-teller with an irresistible propensity for making books. The fascination which throughout his life he had for women, showed itself almost before he was out of his teens; and in this case the feeling was abundantly returned. Nevertheless, he could, within a few years, publish the whole narrative, changing only the names, and then feel genuine surprise that the other person concerned should be pained. He was not inconsiderate. Those who lived with him never heard from him a rough or unkind word. But his dramatic instinct was uncontrollable, and had to be expressed. The archdeacon read the book, and was naturally furious" (p. 37).

The archdeacon was Froude's father, whose character is traced in the book with a candid hand. Mr. Paul seems to us to do less than justice to the literary quality of 'Shadows of the Clouds,' which struck us, when we read it years ago, as showing a real though as yet undeveloped gift for style. But his explanation of this strange freak is no doubt the true one. There are persons whose impulse to express themselves to others, in print, is uncontrollable. A late well-known and very popular writer, him-

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self a clerical dignitary, published a volume of poems, among which there were not a few addressed to a young lady who had shortly before broken off her engagement to him. Rousseau is the extreme case of men of this type.

From this time onward Froude was unweariedly active with his pen. Only once again did he venture into the field of fiction. His 'Two Chiefs of Dunboy,' published in 1889, was not a success, though much of it is excellently written. Otherwise he devoted himself partly to magazine journalism, editing *Fraser's Magazine* for some years and contributing articles to various monthlies or quarterlies, partly to the historical composition. About 1852 (the exact time is not given) he began working on the reign of King Henry the Eighth, impelled to this subject by his interest in the English Reformation, an interest which in its turn was due to his violent recoil from the "Tractarianism" or Neo-Catholicism of J. H. Newman and his Oxford High Church followers. In 1856 he published the first two volumes of his 'History of England,' and finished it with the publication of the last of the twelve volumes in 1870. This book involved him in acute controversies; and those aroused by his next work, 'The English in Ireland,' were still more bitter. Many Americans will remember the refusal of Irish servant girls to remain in some houses where he was received as a guest during his lecturing tour in the United States in 1872, the lectures being upon the relations of England and Ireland, a subject selected with more courage than judgment. The first volume of the book appeared while he was actually in America delivering the lectures. It is an attempt to justify the conduct of the English, not by concealing the tyranny and cruelty so often perpetrated in Ireland, but (to put it shortly) by arguing that the Irish deserved nothing better, and that severity, however harsh, was the best way of treating a race entirely unfit for self-government. Froude would in fact have governed Ireland in a purely autocratic way, much as Spain governed the Philippines. He had been a great deal in Ireland and had lived there for some years, so he felt all the more confidence in his opinions. His view of government and politics in general had for many years been profoundly influenced by Thomas Carlyle, to whom indeed he bowed down as being not only a great man of letters, which everybody holds him to be, but also a great philosopher, which nobody now thinks him. Of Froude's Life of Carlyle, and his handling of the Carlyle documents altogether, we have left ourselves no space to speak. Mr. Paul does his best to defend Froude's behavior, and does it gallantly, but, in our judgment, with scant success. Perhaps Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, who knows the matter more thoroughly than any one else, may have something to say on the subject.

Once only did Froude enter the field of practical life, when Lord Carnarvon sent him on two missions to South Africa in 1874 and 1875. He did no good there, but that may be said of so many others that it reflects no discredit on him. He was, however, so utterly wild in all his ideas of government, and talked such silly rant about English politics—Mr. Paul himself admits that "in politics he never looked very far below the surface of things" (p. 28)—that one wonders how he ever came to be selected for an extraordinarily difficult task.

Mr. Paul, who seems to be fascinated by Froude's brilliance of style almost as Froude himself was fascinated by Carlyle's, will hardly alter the estimate of Froude's merits as a historian or a man which those who have read his writings, including those on Carlyle, have already formed. But he has given us a bright and interesting book, and his account of Froude's early life does suggest considerations not to be forgotten when judging some of the things, and especially the apparent enjoyment of cruelty, which shock us in his histories.

TWO BOOKS ON IRRIGATION.

The Conquest of Arid America. A New and Revised Edition. Illustrated. By William Smythe. The Macmillan Co. 1905.

Irrigation in the United States. By Frederick Haynes Newell. Revised Edition. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The "conquest" is a feat of which, when accomplished, those who planned the campaign and those who effected the victory may well be proud. It will mean the recovery from aridity to fertility of several millions of acres, most of them in the region of perpetual summer and sunshine; accordingly, the enthusiasm of those who have been promoters of the great national movement may be forgiven when, like Mr. Smythe, they sometimes overstep the limits of calm judgment. He assures us that "the superiority of the Western half of the continent [the dividing line being the 97th meridian] over its Eastern counterpart may not be expressed in a word"—whatever that may mean! The statement that "there is no Eastern State that compares with almost any of those great commonwealths of the comparatively unknown West in anything save present development, which includes, of course, population, wealth, and political influence," reads like exaggeration. While there is undoubtedly a fascination about the West, and while the agricultural possibilities of the small proportion of its total area that can be brought under irrigation, and therefore cultivation, are great, it is irrational to pretend that these few millions of acres, won in small patches from so vast a territory, will ever create and support communities rivalling in political or commercial influence such States as New York and Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, already California, Colorado, and Montana, in the value of their mineral and agricultural productions, and even in the number of their population, have outstripped some of the smaller Atlantic seaboard States. And then, a little exaggerated sentiment and glorification of one's self are potent factors in stimulating pioneers to attempt such feats as Mr. Smythe describes in the closing chapters of his book.

Irrigation has always been practised in every State and Territory of the Rocky Mountains, and some private irrigation works of considerable extent have been built and are supplying large tracts of private lands and are selling water to settlers; and, under the Carey act, Idaho is reclaiming a large area of land, which had been withdrawn from the public domain and turned over to the State Board of Reclamation. But it was not till the agitation for national control of Western waters and the abrogation of the Desert Land laws and of all laws which might permit irrigable lands to be acquired in large blocks, culminated in the Newlands Reclamation Act of 1902, that the Federal Government, acting through the Secretary of the Interior, undertook the task of winning the Western Desert to fertility by storing wasted waters and diverting them over the thirsty soil. How vigorously the difficulties involved have been faced, if not yet solved, may be judged from the summary of work, planned and partly completed since 1902, to be found in a recent publication of the United States Reclamation Service.

"The total sum," we read, "set aside for all classes of projects is $34,270,000, and the amount of land to be irrigated is 1,909,000 acres. The average value of irrigated land in the United States is $47 per acre. This acreage will, therefore, add $89,723,000 to the taxable property of the United States in land values alone. According to the census report of 1900, the average annual income from irrigated land is $15 per acre. On this basis an income of $28,735,000 per annum will be added to the nation's wealth."

Under the regulation of the Secretary of the Interior, the Government lands to be thus irrigated may not be sold in tracts of less than 40 acres or more than 160 acres; and no waters shall be provided for private lands owned in lots exceeding in size 160 acres, unless the lands are actually occupied by bona-fide residents. The lands which will thus be reclaimed by operations now in progress should support a population of between 200,000 and 300,000 families, or about a million individuals. The number seems small compared with the magnitude of the proposals, but the schemes are nearly all capable of expansion. They include very diverse systems of storage, and will probably result in varying degrees of success, for it would be presumptuous to expect that no mistakes and no miscalculations have been made or will be made in planning and constructing so many and such extensive engineering feats, some of which at least are more or less experimental. The dams across the Rio Grande and the Colorado obstruct streams that carry down at all times vast quantities of suspended solid matter, which is so fine that it probably can be discharged, as it accumulates, through sluice gates, as the deposit of Nile mud is disposed of through similar discharges in the Barrages at the head of the Delta and the dams at Assuan and Assiut, Even there, however, more or less sand is carried down during high Niles, which causes some anxiety to the Egyptian Irrigation Department; but the spring floods of even the Rio Grande and the Colorado are torrential as compared with the gentle, periodical rise and fall of the Nile, and the Nile silt is as thistle-down compared to the heavy material which these Western rivers in their impetuosity carry down from the mountains of Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming. On the other hand, such streams as the Salt River in Arizona present totally different problems for solution. Some of them, quite dry except in certain seasons, after heavy rains become roaring tor-

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rents, carrying down from the adjacent mountain ranges, as though it were mere driftwood, incalculable quantities of rock and sand, which will sooner or later fill the reservoirs with solid débris, and will require for its removal more force than that exerted by running water. However, the dam at Roosevelt on the Salt River will be flooded on an area of 15,000 acres, or a sheet of water twenty-two miles long by one and one-quarter miles wide—so vast that the heavy material carried into these artificial lakes will settle at the feed end and there form a barrier behind which may accumulate the deposit from subsequent floods. More security would be felt if storage were effected in reservoirs built off the streams, and which could be filled with water deflected from the main channels.

These objections do not apply so strongly to such magnificent projects as that of the Truckee-Carson system, of which Lake Tahoe, with 200,000 acre feet, is the primary storage reservoir, supplemented by the further storage reservoirs of Alkali Flat and Lower Carson, each of greater capacity than Lake Tahoe. There will thus be secured an ample and unfailing supply to convert half a million acres of the great Nevada Desert into a garden. On a small scale such schemes as these carry out the dream of Willcock and other Egyptian engineers, who have proposed to dam the outlets of Victoria Nyanza and Lake Tsana in Abyssinia, so as to secure uniformity in the annual inundation of the Lower Nile country. We may trust to the skill of our engineers who are building them that the dams to restrain the flow of these impetuous rivers, or to bear the pressure of deep volumes of water, will be constructed with a safe margin of strength. They have before them the fate of the Walnut Grove Dam in Arizona and the Johnstown Dam in Pennsylvania, and of many another artificial obstruction to nature's force. Nevertheless, at the present moment they are almost powerless to stop the flow of the Colorado through the Imperial Canal into the Yuma Desert, where it has already engulfed the salt works at Salton, and, instead of irrigating the desert, is, in its uncontrollable rush, converting it into an inland sea. This same region is to be the field of one of the most promising of the schemes, that of building a dam across the Colorado above Yuma, and irrigating from it a section of the large basin of the Yuma Desert which lies below sea-level in California, and also sections of its extension into Arizona.

There is no question as to the fertility of the soil and the warmth of the climate. Land, water, and sunshine will combine to create an oasis; but though now, owing to the extreme dryness of the atmosphere, the summer heat is tolerable and the difference between the sensible and the thermometrical temperatures is very notable, when large areas are under cultivation and the air is moist and swarming with mosquitoes, the condition of human life will not be so idyllic? There will also be disappointment for a time in certain regions from the large amount of so-called alkali in the surface soils. These salts, which are the nutrients of plant life when supplied in moderation, are destructive when present in excess; but through persistent irrigation they are washed out of the upper layer and stored at a depth within reach of the roots of plants. Hence the long-continued, though by no means perpetual fertility of certain desert lands after being brought under water. Mr. Smythe refers to the chief town of the lower valley of the Pecos in New Mexico, now called Carlsbad, but formerly named Eddy. It was the scene of an irrigation project with which the former name was associated. Alkali killed it, but perseverance in irrigation restored it to life under other auspices.

The projects already outlined are but the forerunners of others in the West which will not only add other millions of fertile acres to the public domain, but will increase the number, it is hoped, of small, independent farmers owning and cultivating every acre to its limit of productiveness. For, whatever the benefit of consolidation, coöperation is better, and, in all irrigated regions, coöperation by the beneficiaries of the common but limited store of life-giving water is one of the desirable consequences. Moreover, the advantages of irrigation in the arid region will educate the country at large to the benefit of securing by artificial means a more uniform supply of water than the changing seasons supply to the land within the fertile zone.

Mr. Newell, as a hydraulic engineer and chief of the hydrographic branch of the United States Geological Survey, under which department of Government both the investigation of water sources and their utilization are conducted, has rewritten his book on the same subject as Mr. Smyth's. It is a popular treatise on the rainfall of different sections of the country; the artificial methods of storing and distributing water in the arid and semi-arid zone; the advantages and drawbacks of irrigation. Further, it describes the various projects completed or being realized under authority of the Reclamation Act. It is a more concise and thorough, but perhaps less entertaining, story than that told by Mr. Smyth in his enthusiasm. One defect is noticeable in both books, viz., that neither devotes any space to what other and older countries have done in the use of irrigation, or to regulations for the conservation of water which are so stringent in their character and rigidly enforced in Spain, Lombardy, and Chili. At present, in many sections of the West, water, despite its scarcity, is ruthlessly wasted by ranchers near the source of supply. If the vast expenditure now being made is to yield its full legitimate return, rules to control the supply, and laws to punish disregard of regulations, will have to be framed and enforced.

Lectures and Essays. By Alfred Ainger. The Macmillan Company. 1905.

The late Canon Ainger, who is best known, perhaps, to the general reader for his excellent editing of Charles Lamb, was the happiest combination of the man of letters and the ecclesiastic. We say ecclesiastic rather than divine, because, though his sermons were little masterpieces of eloquence, as all will remember who heard him preach in the Temple, it is not by those that his memory will live. He was, however, a dignitary of the Church, and his preaching used to be one of the social events of a Sunday in London, but it was the personality of the man, his rhetorical power, that drew, rather than any depth of doctrinal fervor. He was a born actor, and as one reads these lectures, one realizes how much they lose in lacking the living voice, the peculiar gestures, the histrionic effect that fascinated Ainger's hearers.

Ainger is the type of the ethical critic. Perhaps this was partly due to his profession, yet a sympathy so catholic as his (which could, for instance, pass tenderly over the errors of Burns) was never tainted by the narrowness of the clerical mind. He was of Matthew Arnold's school; not that he approved of the jargon that the modern critics have caught from Arnold, but, like him, Ainger is always on the lookout for "tonic" passages, for the grand manner, which he seeks in utterances of the sententious kind.

These two volumes are edited by Canon Beeching, who should be known to all for his poems, 'Hours of Idleness.' The essays range in date from a contribution to *Macmillan's Magazine* in 1859, when Ainger was a Cambridge undergraduate, to a paper on Mrs. Barbauld written in 1901. The lectures were nearly all delivered at the Royal Institution, several, like those on Swift, and Shakspere, in a sort of trilogy. The three studies of Shakspere's art are the best reading in the first volume. In them he describes the spring, summer, and autumn of Shakspere's creative faculty in the years from 1591-1612. What Ainger is interested to trace is the gradual development of the dramatic from the lyric poet. "Love's Labour's Lost" represents the most lavish poetic period of writing. It was a study in euphuism by one who despised the mannerisms of Lyly's day, yet could not keep his own feet from the snares of verbal trickery. The euphuism was to drop away gradually; and so, too, in the later plays of this first period, 1591-1598, "as human feeling and passion assert themselves, and the poet himself is stirred by the pity of it, even in the dilemmas and cross-purposes of poor Hermia and Helena, rhyme drops off from his style." So in Juliet's soliloquies rhyme disappears. For the second stage the "Merchant of Venice" marks a transition. In this play "the battle of blank verse against rhyme is lost and won." Ainger's argument is not affected by a slight inaccuracy. He says on page 36 that, save in Portia's speech, the rhyme couplet disappears from the "Merchant of Venice" from the second scene of the third act. As a matter of fact, however, the very last speech in the play, Gratiano's, is in rhymed couplets. Ainger gives an interesting sketch of the changes in the stage traditions of the character of Shylock, "the Jew that Shakspere drew." Though Shakspere's humanity overruled the convention which made the stage Jew a low-comedy character, yet it was long before this was recognized. Ainger thinks, indeed, that at first Shakspere himself set out to draw the stock Jew, such a figure as Marlowe's Jew of Malta, but, as the character grew under his hand, he made Shylock's own utterances neutralize the language used about him. Here, then, as elsewhere, Shakspere's "humanity"—Ainger is never tired of using the word—drove out the "fashions and artificialities of the stage." Ainger has some good things to say on the satire in "As You Like It," of the pastoral mania—that "intellec-

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tual influenza!" which, after the rediscovery of Theocritus and Virgil at the Renaissance, had infected all literatures. The best commentary on the pastoral dream is Touchstone's speech on the shepherd's life in this play.

In his essay on Falstaff, Ainger gives the history of Sir John Oldcastle, Falstaff's original, and points out in the plays the marks of the character's origin in "my old lad of the castle." Oldcastle was a Lollard, and Shakspere gave his audience a picture of the popular idea of a Lollard. So he puts in Falstaff's mouth the Scriptural phraseology that might be expected to remain with a broken-down Lollard "who had been spoiled by bad company," while his voice had given way from "hallelujahing and singing of anthems," as he is made to say to the Lord Chief-Justice. "And thus the worn-out caricature of an Oldcastle, just as it was on the point of coming to an end, makes a new Sir John Falstaff."

In the essay on "Euphuism, Past and Present," Ainger gives the history of affectation in diction first in Lyly's time, then by the imitators of Pope and Johnson, down to the founders of euphuism nearer our own day, the euphuists of the romantic reaction. Euphuism is the imitation of a manner, and Scott, Byron, Dickens, Carlyle were all in turn responsible for euphuism because they inspired those who wrote with ease to copy their manner. Tennyson summed up the history and moral of euphuism in that fable of the flower and the seed which was written in a fit of irritation against his own imitators. As for Arnold, he has left us a prose euphuism:

> "This language is familiar to us all. We know that whatever new poem or new play it is that is being criticised, we shall find the changes rung on the old glossary, we shall meet the old substantives, adjectives, and adverbs—'work' (this artist's 'work'), every other line; 'intense,' 'supreme,' 'subtle,' 'precious,' 'distinctly,' 'accentuated,' 'convincing,' 'incisive,' 'value,' 'charm.' This is the language of culture which we have all more or less caught from Matthew Arnold."

It is true that we are all in this respect euphuists; but the fashion will pass like the earlier jargon of a cult, and meanwhile the critic finds the diction of Arnold useful, expressive, and easily understood. After all, the only difference between the Arnold euphuists and Ainger is that he was always scrupulous in putting his Shaksperian phraseology in quotation marks.

We have said that Ainger is peculiarly an ethical critic. This is especially shown in his criticisms of the "Paolo and Francesca" of Mr. Phillips. "It does not contain, from end to end, a single abstract sentiment. No one character in it utters a single comment or reflection on human life. . . . There is no single line in the play that could be separated from its context and be made welcome as an addition to our stock of moral ideas in daily life. The play seems always to be aiming at the pathetic and never reaching it; and the lack of the ethical touch must surely be the reason for the failure." On the other hand, "the very soul of pathos was in Dante, just because he never stands aloof from the moral aspect of suffering." It was reserved for Ainger, as far as we know, to give this, the best, explanation of the barren atmosphere of the dramas of Stephen Phillips. Leigh Hunt gave his own 'Story of Rimini' a subtitle, "The Fruits of a Parent's Falsehood," which was to fly too far in the other direction.

Those who were interested in certain recent references in these columns to "Macaulay's New Zealander," and the effort made to trace his idea to its source, will find more evidence in Ainger's essay on Mrs. Barbauld. He points out that Macaulay's prediction, in his review of Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' that the Roman Catholic Church would still exist "in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," was written thirty years after Mrs. Barbauld's poem called "1811." In this she had foretold the day when some visitor

> "From the Blue Mountains or Ontario's Lake"

might curiously trace the crumbling turrets and the broken stairs of London,

> "And, choked no more with fleets, fair Thames survey
> Through reeds and sedge pursue his idle way."

Ainger thinks that Macaulay's idea was an unconscious reminiscence of Mrs. Barbauld, but it really is a commonplace of literature, and it matters little whether we trace its original use to Walpole or Gibbon or Ranke or Mrs. Barbauld. Ranke, however, whom he was reviewing, certainly has the first claim to have inspired Macaulay's version.

It is hard to refrain from further description of Canon Ainger's literary remains as we have them in these volumes. He is a charming writer, one whom no reader "can afford to neglect," if we may use a phrase that he detested as borrowed from the Arnold jargon. There are few errors of editing. On page 152 of volume i., for père *Gaveot* read *Goriot*.

The Secret of the Totem. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

If Mr. Lang thinks that the secret of the totem can be disclosed by an announcement tantamount to a glorification of his own ingenuity, he is much mistaken and deceives his reader, who might at least have hoped to be initiated into some "secrets" not hitherto known to all students of sociology. The somewhat arrogant claim of the title is not modified by what Mr. Lang says in the course of this rather dull volume. Those who are apt to expect a flippant readiness on the part of the author—for Mr. Lang, though often wrong, is usually clever—will also be disappointed. The book presents as the "secret" a fact known for centuries, and but lately worked out into a sober monograph by two Russian scholars. Further, Mr. Lang, in order to the upholding of his thesis, which, in a word, is simply that the totem was a kind of *Schriftart*, as Picker and Somlo called it in the monograph referred to, has to ignore all the recent facts collected in defiance of his theory. This he does with his customary coolness. The savages of Central Australia do not support his view, so he calmly advances them in the scale of civilization, and regards them as too advanced to be usable—for his theory. Mr. Frazer, who first revamped his old theory of totemism into a clumsy adaptation of modern views, subsequently, in several illuminating articles in the *Fortnightly*, threw over the notion that matriarchy necessarily precedes patriarchy; but this result Mr. Lang in turn throws over, for, as he admits, it invalidates his argument. Inheritance of the totem does not always come first from the mother—then away with the vile body which indicates this; or, in Mr. Lang's words, "I am unable to accept this tribe as an example of the most archaic state of affairs extant."

Mr. Lang's "results," as set forth by himself, are that groups called each other by the names of plants and animals, which became stereotyped, their origin being forgotten, until people began to guess at the reason why they had such and such a name. The "usual reply" was that there was kinship between men and animals of the same name. This kinship with animals was sacred because mysterious. Hence tabus, "among others, that of totemic exogamy." Mr. Lang writes so many fairy-stories and does so many bright things that it is inexcusable for him to be so reconditely funny as to call this theory an explanation of the great secret which has so long puzzled students. Despite the serious tone of the book, we can but regard it as an example of humor new to Mr. Lang, but familiar to Americans. The dazzling stroke, the glitter of retort is no longer seen. A sombre earnestness appears on the surface, but beneath this Mr. Lang is surely laughing at us when he announces so seriously that he has found the 'Secret of the Totem.'

Totemism resembles caste in this, that both have been referred by many scholars to some one explanation, whereas each has been produced by various means, though blending at last—the several forms of caste or of totemism—into one apparently homogeneous phenomenon. It is quite possible that a young brave's vision may have given his tribe as well as himself a totem—at times; but visions do not explain all the systems of totemism. So, too, Wolfsons may be referred to a nickname—at times. Some savages of Central Australia say they were called "opossum-men" because their chief article of diet was the opossum. Totemism in this case was originally an economic institution to procure food-supply, with all the development into mysticism common to most savage institutions. But no one theory can give away all secrets unless the secrets can be shown to be identical and all shown to fit the theory. Hitherto no one has succeeded in inventing such a theory. People are called by animal and plant names without any trace of totemism, and totemism exists without these names. For example, there is no essential difference between an opossum-man and a sun-man, as far as the superstitious feeling of the Central Australian is concerned. The relationship is spiritual. The mysterious rite of totemism is not a recognition of blood-kinship between animal and man, but a means of propagating more opossums or sunshine. If Mr. Lang had been content to assert that he had rediscovered one probable means of instituting totemism, a means long since exploited, his book would have been less exciting to open, but the reader would not carry away with him the sense that he had been duped by a title.

The Scots Peerage. Founded on Wood's Edition of Sir Robert Douglas's 'Peerage of Scotland.' Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon King of Arms.

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With Armorial Illustrations. Vols. I-III. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1905-1906.

The antiquity of the Scottish nobles is attested, among other evidences, by the following passage from the "Massacre of the Macphersons":

"Fhairson had a son
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood
By trinking up ta water,
Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet."

We once saw an East-Anglian pedigree which was carried back to Balder, but there is nothing the English do that the Scotch cannot outdo. Should the inhabitants of the southern part of the island ever succeed in establishing their connection with the Ten Lost Tribes, we may feel sure that discoveries will soon be made across the border to establish the descent of the Scots from Khufu and Khafra. The Chronicle of Rastadt deduces the origin of all the leading families in Germany from the *Gens Anicia*. This, however, is but a small achievement to surpass.

It has been pointed out with a note of pathos that the destructive criticism of the present day has not spared even the peerage. Sir J. B. Paul himself says regarding his predecessors: "While the information of Wood and Douglas, so far as it dealt with their own times or the generation immediately preceding, was, on the whole, commendably accurate, the particulars regarding the earlier centuries were scanty and too frequently untrustworthy." It is for these earlier centuries, where the imagination of the magnate is apt to run riot, that the present edition will prove most useful. Douglas published his 'Peerage of Scotland,' in one volume folio, as early as 1764, and Wood's edition, of about double that size, appeared fifty years later. During the past two generations Scotland has had her own historians and antiquaries no less diligent than those of other European countries—no less diligent than they would have been had there never been a union of the two kingdoms. Accordingly, for the period before 1600, it is now possible to distinguish between history and legend, and to place the origin of Hamiltons, Grahams, and Campbells upon something like solid ground. Sir J. B. Paul really does little more with Douglas and Wood than make them a point of departure. The accumulation of data has rendered specialized labor necessary, and, by adopting the coöperative plan, the character of the original work has been fundamentally altered.

A good example of the way in which 'Douglas' has been brought down to date is furnished by the article on Murray, Lord Elibank. The old 'Peerage of Scotland' cites as authority for the descent it accepts a Great Seal charter, but this document "does not contain, as we are led to suppose, any allusion to the family of Mr. John Murray, in whose favour the lands of Blackbarony were granted." Later editors of genealogical works have not only taken over this statement from 'Douglas,' but misquoted it in the process. Where capital mistakes of this kind could creep in for a period as recent as the beginning of the sixteenth century, what chance was there of securing accuracy in the case of the Douglases or the Campbells, beside whom Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns are mere mushrooms? "According to Hume of Godscroft, the first Douglas was 'a certain nobleman,' who, in the days of Solvathius, King of Scotland, attacked and routed the army of Donald Bane, a pretender to the throne, in a battle which took place in 767." Unfortunately, Solvathius and the original Douglas must both be relegated to the era of prehistoric peeps, but, as a matter of fact, the first historical Douglas appears towards the close of the twelfth century, when Donald Bane revolted against William the Lion and rallied to himself a good many Celts from Ross and Moray. For the Campbells, charter evidence is not reached until the latter part of the fourteenth century, while it must be a source of satisfaction to the Ogilvies that the most authentic evidence gives "the bonnie House of Airlie" a lead of two centuries upon the hated dynasty of Argyll.

Items such as these any reader may discover among the elaborate genealogies which are here furnished by Sir J. B. Paul. We wish to point out, however, that in some cases rather long biographical notices of famous personages are woven in with a sketch of the family annals. Thus, the exploits in South America of Admiral Cochrane are chronicled under "Thomas, tenth Earl of Dundonald." From time to time (and this will show the exhaustive nature of the present edition) English families are introduced, merely from the fact that, through the caprice of a sovereign, they have been given Scottish peerages of more recent creation than their original English patents. By way of exception the House of Cary was given a Scotch peerage by James I., and did not get an English barony till 1832. Though the family originated in Devonshire, Sir Henry Cary received a Scottish title, and a title which was even taken from a royal palace in Scotland.

The 'Peerage,' whether English or Scotch, is less interesting as literature than the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' but it has a place of its own on the shelf of the historian, and does not exist merely for the benefit of the fashionable world. Sir Walter Elliot, of Kellynch Hall, who never read any other book if he could help it, found comfort and consolation in the 'Baronetage.' This definitive work of Sir J. B. Paul should not be used solely as a book of reference. Considered philosophically, it can be made to throw light on the evolution of the Scot, and embedded in it will be found many curious and entertaining facts.

The Russian Court in the Eighteenth Century. By Fitzgerald Molloy. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1905.

Mr. Molloy has manufactured a very readable book out of familiar materials. He has not gone further afield in his "reading-up" than the easily accessible memoirs of foreign ambassadors to the court of Russia in the eighteenth century, those of Catharine II. and her friend the Princess Dashkoff, Catharine's letters to her French correspondents, and similar sources, all known in the published originals or (in the case of the Russian contributions) in translation. But the combination of these offers a vivid picture of the lighter, not to say the scandalous, side of life in Russia. The serious side, including the power in diplomacy exercised by the rulers of that epoch upon European history, and the really great things accomplished for her adopted country by Catharine II., are so slightly noticed that they hardly form even so much as a nebulous background. All shadow and no light is as fatal to a just portrait of a country as all light and no shadow (insisted upon by Queen Elizabeth of England) is to a personal portrait. And here it may be said that the eighteen illustrations, finely reproduced from historical portraits of the principal actors in the drama, form the most unimpeachable feature of the book.

Mr. Molloy has no first-hand acquaintance with Russia or its language. The results are often confusing (aided by imperfect proof-reading which converts *name* into *man*, and *Esthonia* into *Ethonia*, for example), partly by reason of varying spelling in nomenclature (Naruishkina, Narichkin), and partly by reason of the writer's ignorance of localities. Thus, few would recognize the famous Ukraina in *Ukarin*, and Suvaroff in *Suivaroff*; while "Our Lady of Kassanskoy" and "Pavlovsky" offer specimens of false names produced by the use of the adjective forms derived, respectively, from Kazan and Pavlovsk. Even more confusing is the ill-advised adoption of Catharine the Second's familiar manner of referring to her intimates by their Christian names alone, or those names joined to their patronymics, as "Leon" (meaning Narishkin), and "Ivan Ivanovitch" (meaning Schuvaloff), at long distances from the surnames. Mr. Molloy's history is defective when he asserts that Alexander I.'s brother and heir presumptive to the throne "voluntarily resigned the crown to his younger brother Nicholas" "because he was aware of the hatred in which he was held by the army"; and a slip of his pen (or of the proof-reader's pencil) leads to the substitution of "Paul" for "Alexander"—a serious blunder in the narrative of the Emperor Paul's tragic end. Occasionally Mr. Molloy indulges in comments, with amusing effect. For example, in speaking of Catharine the Second's search for a suitable bride for her son Paul, he says: "Her glance fell upon Germany, whose daughters, like herself, were then as now accommodatingly ready to make heroic sacrifices on behalf of their impoverished families, and, in abjuring their own faith in favor of another, to abandon the prospect of an eternal crown in favor of the fleeting joy of Russian rubles." Out of the four eminently proper and laudable "conversions" (on the part of brides with a prospect of prominent thrones) to the State churches of their future kingdoms which have taken place within the last dozen years, two have been to the Roman Catholic faith by others than Germans, exactly counterbalancing those of the two Germans who entered the Greco-Russian Church.

We cannot forbear a reference to Mr. Molloy's English, of which here are some assorted samples: "Such a catastrophe could be averted only in one way, to deprive him of the crown in favor of another, his son if he had one, his wife in lieu of an heir." "To her there seemed no person more reliable than her chief lover, Sergius [meaning Soltikoff, who has not been properly mentioned by his surname for ten

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pages], who therefore accordingly waited on Bestuzhev." "The bride . . . looked beautiful in a robe of cloth of silver, blazing with jewels which the Empress had fastened on her head and arms and shoulders." "As his aide-de-camp also fell in love with her, he besieged and won her affections, on discovering which Schouvaloff's anger was unbounded, and dismissing Gregory Orlof, he swore that he would use all the influence of the Empress to have him exiled to Siberia."

A History of Modern Liberty. By James Mackinnon. Vols. I. and II. Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

So many reviewers will assail Doctor Mackinnon with more or less pertinent references to the late Lord Acton's contemplated work of the same title as his, that he may as well, for once, be spared. It need only be said that, by accumulating one hundred definitions of his subject, Acton proved, by an opposite method, just what Doctor Mackinnon unconsciously does. Liberty is well-nigh hopeless as a subject for a thesis, because it is an unstable concept. The only definition of it that will apparently stand the test of every possible application is this, that Liberty is a well-reputed rhetorical expression much used at times of political stress, and frequently associated with a struggle for the preservation or increase of civil rights. The trouble lies with the word. When used in a restricted connection—for example, in relation to the manumission of slaves—it may carry a specific sense, but the moment it is used for a general idea it becomes such stuff as dreams are made of. Other words are in better case, *toleration*, for instance; but liberty is essentially an oratorical property that cannot in the nature of things suit the historian.

If the nineteenth century, Darwin's century, has taught historians anything, it is surely that history is the observation of a series of changes of conditions that never exactly repeat themselves, and that ever tend towards further and unfathomable changes. Suppose liberty for a moment to be a definable condition, where are the examples of that condition to be found in history? Searching the past, we should doubtless fall back on the traditional example of the barbarian Teuton while he still lived in untrammelled tribal felicity; searching the present, we should doubtless agree on the dweller in New Zealand, Switzerland, or Oklahoma, with the rider that, for perfect liberty to be achieved, certain abuses that may be assumed to exist even in those favored spots should be legislated away. But how can our minds correlate the perfect freedom of the barbarous Caucasion of the year one with that of his sophisticated descendant of the year 1906—the conditions of tribal Germany with those of our industrial democracy? Which is another way of saying that it is not so much the business of the historian to give us a so-called history of Liberty, which is impossible, as it is to give us an examination of the evolution of human conditions. This, in despite of his title, is about what Doctor Mackinnon does for us.

In the two volumes that form the present instalment of his work, he reviews the conditions of Europe from the time of the fall of the Western Empire to the close of the sixteenth century. The stress is laid on the constant movements of revolt that form so large a part of the history of the Caucasian race. The author is on the whole judicious and scholarly without attaining real distinction. His book will not add to our sum of knowledge and will not open new avenues of thought; yet it may be read with profit, for it approaches the familiar problems of the history of the Middle Ages and Renaissance with vigor, sanity, and independence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abell, H. H. Fidelity. Published by the Author. 25 cents.
Beaumont and Fletcher's Works. Edited by A. R. Waller. Vol. III. Macmillan Co.
Capes, Bernard. Bembo: A Tale of Italy. Dutton. $1.50.
Directory of Directors in the City of New York: 1906. The Audit Company of New York. $5.
Eddy, Walter Hollis. Experimental Physiology and Anatomy. American Book Co.
Fitch, Clyde. The Stubbornness of Geraldine. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Godfrey, Elizabeth. The Bridal of Anstace. John Lane Co.
Harris, J. Henry. Cornish Saints and Sinners. John Lane Co.
Ingersoll, Ernest. The Life of Animals. Macmillan. $2 net.
Jastrow, Joseph. The Subconscious. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50 net.
Keble, John. Lyra Innocentium. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Life and Experiences of Sir Henry Enfield Roscoe. By Himself. Macmillan Co. $4.
MacDonald, William. Jacksonian Democracy. (The American Nation. Vol. 15.) Harper's.
Newcomb, Simon. A Compendium of Spherical Astronomy. Macmillan Co. $3.
Okakura-Kakuzo. The Book of Tea. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.10 net.
Pierce the Ploughman's Crede. Edited by Walter W. Skeat. Henry Frowde.
Roche, Francis Everard. The Exodus. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Stamey, De Keller. The Junction of Laughter and Tears. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
Tolstoy, Leo: His Life and Work. Compiled by Paul Birukoff. Vol. I. Scribners. $1.50 net.
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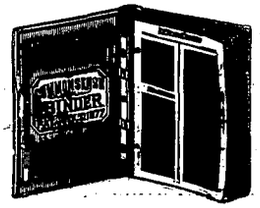

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